

SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER GIANT

# VAMPIRELLA



OCTOBER 1974

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THE DREAD  
COBRA QUEEN  
RETURNS.  
SHE SLITHERS  
AND STRIKES  
FROM THE HEART  
OF THE  
AMAZON JUNGLE.  
HER PREY:  
VAMPIRELLA  
AND  
ADAM VAN HELSING.

PLUS  
EIGHT  
ALL-TIME  
GREAT  
HORROR  
CLASSICS.

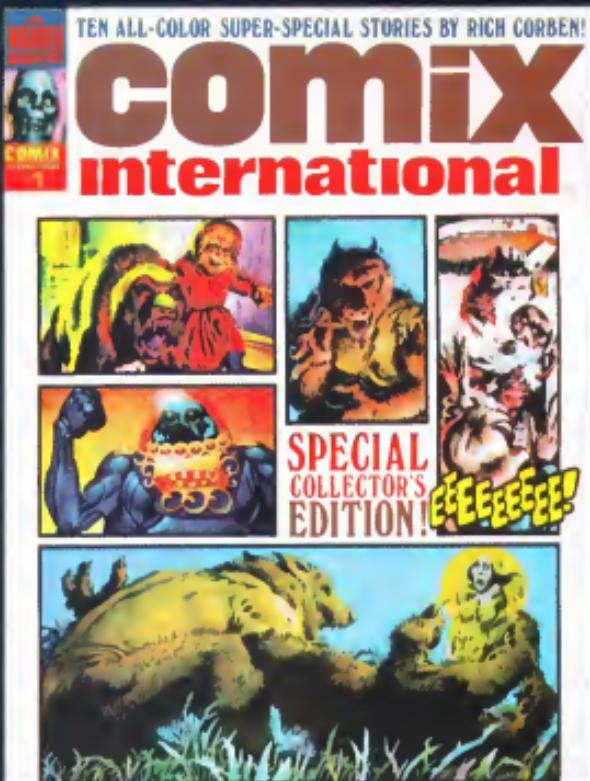
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# VAMPIRELLA

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HERE'S A JOLTIN'  
JUNGLE OPUS TO MAKE  
YOUR BLOOD BOIL AND  
COIL... A LITTLE DERANGED  
DITTY I CALL...

# COBRA QUEEN

JACE PICKSTON'S FACE WAS BURIED  
BENEATH A LAYER OF SWEAT AFTER  
ANOTHER FULL DAY UNDER THE HOT SUN  
OF INDIA. BUT HE AND HIS COMPANIONS,  
THE DISTINGUISHED SIR REGINALD OF  
LONDON, AND THE SOUTHERN PHYSICIAN,  
DR. JAMES LONGLET, MOVED ONWARD...  
ONWARD...

BLIMEY, JACOB!  
WE'VE BEEN TREKKING  
THROUGH THIS INFERNAL  
JUNGLE FOR DAYS, NOW!  
AND STILL NOTHING  
IN SIGHT!

SIR REGINALD'S  
RIGHT, I RECKON.  
I MEAN, WE BEEN  
JUST MARCHIN' ALONG  
HERE, CHOPPIN' OUR  
WAY THROUGH ALL  
THIS HERE FOLIAGE  
AND EVERYTHING AND  
STILL WE AINT COME  
ACROSS WHAT WE  
BEEN LOOKIN' FOR.  
DON'T YOU THINK  
WE OUGHTA BE  
TURNIN' BACK?

NO! I'M NOT  
TAKING ONE STEP  
BACK TOWARD  
CIVILIZATION UNTIL I FIND  
WHAT I SET OUT TO  
FIND! THAT ANCIENT MAP  
IS GOING TO LEAD US  
RIGHT TO THE LOST  
TEMPLE OF THE  
COBRA...

...AND THE  
LEGENDARY  
COBRA  
QUEEN!

BUT, JACOB.  
WE'VE BEEN  
FOLLOWING THAT MAP  
TO THE LETTER! IF  
THERE WERE ANY RUINS OR  
ANYTHING IN THIS AREA,  
WE'D HAVE FOUND THEM  
BY NOW!

THEY'RE AROUND  
HERE... SOMEWHERE!  
I JUST KNOW IT! I CAN  
FEEL IT! IT DIDN'T THE FACT  
THAT THE NATIVES WOULDN'T  
GO WITH US TIP YOU OFF  
THAT WE WERE ON THE  
TRACK OF SOMETHING  
THEY FEARED? WELL,  
I'M GOIN' ON!



I SAY, THAT BLOODY BEAST IS JUST STARING UP INTO THE TREETOP LIKE SOMETHING IS UP THERE!

AN' IF I'M  
NOT MISTAKEN,  
THAT SOMETHING  
AIN'T GONNA' STAY  
HIDDEN MUCH  
LONGER...!

**THERE! THERE'S  
OUR ANSWER!**

W-WHAT  
IS THAT... THAT  
THING?

O-DON'T...  
ASK...ME!!

**SNIFF!  
SNIFF!  
GRRRR!**

IT'S A COBRA!  
A GIANT COBRA!  
LARGER THAN ANY  
BOA OR PYTHON  
IN THE WORLD!

**8-BIT...  
COBRAS DON'T  
GROW THAT  
LARGE!**

HOPE / AND  
I AIN'T NEVER  
SEEN ONE FIGHT  
LIKE A CONSTRICO  
BEFORE !

IT'S ALL OVER.  
LOOKS AS IF THAT  
THERE TIGER NEVER  
EVEN HAD A  
CHANCE!

AND NOW THAT  
MONSTROSITY IS  
GOING BACK INTO  
THE JUNGLE!

NOW THERE'S  
NO POINT.

WE'RE ON THE  
RIGHT TRACK! THE  
LEGENDS TALK OF  
A GIGANTIC  
COBRA!

A HUGE SNAKE  
THAT ISN'T REALLY  
A SNAKE AT ALL...  
BUT A... WOMAN!

W-WHAT? WHAT'S  
THAT YOU'RE  
TRYING TO SAY?  
YOU MEAN...

AS OLD AS THE TEMPLE  
ITSELF, WHICH SPANS  
CENTURIES OF  
UNFATHOMABLE BEAUTY!  
BUT EQUALY EVIL,  
EXISTING FOR ONLY  
ONE PURPOSE...

...TO TRANSFORM  
HERSELF INTO THE  
GIANT SNAKE... MUCH  
IN THE FASHION OF THE  
EUROPEAN WEREWOLF...  
AND TO INFECT HER  
OWN PEOPLE WITH  
HER VENOM...

YOU HEARD ME!  
A WOMAN!! THE COBRA  
QUEEN, RULER OF THE LOST  
TEMPLE OF THE COBRA!

gp

...TO POISON  
THEIR BLOOD AND  
THEIR WILL, TURNING  
THEM INTO HELPLESS  
SLAVES... INTO  
MINDLESS, WALKING  
ZOMBIES!





NO MORE WORDS ARE SPOKEN...  
EVEN AS THE SUN AGAIN BEATS  
DOWN OVER A QUIET BURIAL...  
AND...

PACHSTON MUST  
BE TAKIN' THIS PERTY  
HARD! HE AIN'T SAID A  
SINGLE THING ALL  
MORNIN'. WELL, SIR,  
REGINALD WAS ONE OF  
THE BEST FELLARS  
AROUND!



THEN... PACHSTON AND DR.  
LONGLEY HALT, THEIR EYES  
BULGING AT THE AWESOME  
DISPLAY OF...

AMAZONS!  
LOOK AT THEM...  
MAGNIFICENT AND  
THEIR LOIN-CLOTHS...  
COBRA SKINS!

BUT THEIR  
EYES... LIKE YOU  
TOLD US ABOUT...  
ZOMBIES!



PRESENTLY, AS THE THICKNESS OF  
THE JUNGLE GRADUALLY DIMINISHES...

THERE IT IS, LONGLEY!  
WHAT I'VE HEARD INNISPIRS  
OF... DREAMED OF FINDING...  
ALL MY LIFE! THE TEMPLE  
OF THE COBRA!



I DON'T LIKE THIS HERE  
PLACE! SMELL THAT? LIKE  
THE STINK OF A SNAKE!  
NOW I KINDA WISH WE'D  
OF FOUGHT BACK WHEN  
WE HAD THE CHANCE!

SHUT UP!  
LOCK THERE!

THE COBRA  
QUEEN

I SEE THAT MY LITTLE ATTEMPTS  
TO FRIGHTEN YOU AWAY IN THE  
JUNGLE HAVE FAILED! NO MATTER!  
YOU HAVE COME TO FIND THE COBRA  
QUEEN... AND YOU SHALL NOT BE  
DISAPPOINTED! AS SOON AS  
YOU FEEL MY FANGS...

BARE YOUR FANGS  
ALL YOU LIKE, MY  
BEAUTIFUL QUEEN!  
THAT WON'T SCARE  
ME... NOT AFTER THE  
TROUBLE I'VE GONE  
THROUGH TO FIND  
YOU... PROVE TO  
MYSELF THAT YOU  
DO EXIST!

BOY HOWDY, JAKE !  
IFFEN' YOU GOT SOME  
TRICK FOR HANDLIN'  
HER UP YOUR SLEEVE...  
PULL IT OUT NOW !

NOT EXACTLY  
A TRICK,  
DOCTOR...

MORE LIKE  
PRIVATING MYSELF!  
ALL MY LIFE I'VE  
BEEN A MISFIT... A  
FREAK... HOW AT LAST  
I'VE FOUND MY PLACE  
AND WHAT BETTER  
PLACE ...

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BY SUCH  
CHATTERING, MORTAL?  
IF YOU THINK TO  
PROLONG YOUR LIFE  
BY IDLE TALK, WATCH  
AND TREMBLE!

FOR A  
KING COBRA  
THAN BESIDE  
HIS QUEEN?

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...  
A MALE! ONCE MORE THE CULT  
OF THE COBRA CAN THRIVE...  
AND SPREAD!

MAN, I WONDER IF  
PACKSTON FOUND OUT  
ABOUT THE QUEEN THROUGH  
A COMPUTER DATING  
SERVICE? THEY CERTAINLY  
SHARE THE SAME INTERESTS.  
IN THIS CASE, DR. LONGLEY.

IT LIES IN THE JUNGLE, SOMEWHERE NEAR THE ASSAM-BURMA BORDER, GLEAMING LIKE ROME TIME-ENCRUSTED JEWEL AGAINST THE BLOOD-RED SUNSET... THE TEMPLE! HER TEMPLE, AND TO THE TEMPLE NOW COMES ONE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THE WORLD OF DRAKULON...

# VAMPIRELLA



SHE HAS COME TO DO **BATTLE** IN THIS TEMPLE, TO CONFRONT THE ONE WHO DWELLS HERE, TO TURN HER HAND AGAINST...

## SHE WHO WAITS!



AND FOR VAMPIRELLA, SUCH A BATTLE, SUCH A CONFRONTATION, MAY MEAN THE **END** OF HER VERY EXISTENCE!

BUT HOW DID IT BEGIN? LOOK ARIE, TO THE CITY OF IMPHAL,  
UNDER THE DEEP MANTLE OF A NIGHT NOW PASSED...



...MOVES TO STRIKE!



...WHERE THIS MAN, FOR WHOM THE  
DARKNESS IS BUT A CONTINUATION  
OF HIS WAKING DAYS...







SO IT SLITHERS FOR THE ROOM'S DEEPEST SHADOW AND HIDES, UNTIL...



AND WHEN ALL IS DARK AND QUIET, IT MOVES... TO THE BED OF ADAM VAN HELSING, TO HIS VERY BODY, AND...



...BRINGS HIM TO... SHE WHO WAITS!





ADAM BEHEADS A MAMMOTH SNAKE... AND WE FIND A MAN IN ITS PLACE? THANK BAUCHIS, I CAME WELL-ARMED...

...WITH BRANDY!

IN MY PURSUIT OF MATTERS OCCULT, I'VE HEARD HINTS OF... A CULT OF COBRA WORSHIPPERS...

...WHOSE QUEEN IS SAID TO TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO A GIANT COBRA AT WILL! SOMEWHAT LIKE THE WEREWOLF LEGENDS...

IF ADAM'S IN HER HANDS... EVERY MOMENT COUNTS! SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TRANSFORM...



AND VAMPI'S FEARS AS SHE TAKES BAT-WINGED FLIGHT... ARE WELL-BASED!\*



YOU KILLED MY MATE, HANDSOME ONE... THE ONLY MAN I EVER FOUND WHO WAS LIKE ME... \*

...KING COBRA TO THE COBRA QUEEN...

AT FIRST I MEANT ONLY TO FOLLOW YOU BACK TO THE CITY AND SLAY YOU... BUT YOU ARE HANDSOME, AND I DO HAVE NEEDS BEYOND VENGEANCE.



SO, INSTEAD, YOU WILL FEEL THE FANGS OF THE TEMPLE'S SACRED COBRAS...

THEY WHO FEAST ON HUMAN BLOOD... AND DISCHARGE THE VENOM OF TRANSFORMATION!

WHEN THEY ARE DONE, YOU SHALL BE MAN NO MORE, YOU SHALL REPLACE HIM WHO I LOVED AS...

...KING COBRA!

SUCH WAS THE BEGINNING, AND WHAT FOLLOWED. NOW, WITH THE APPEARANCE OF VAMPIRELLA ON THE TEMPLE STEPS BEFORE THE COBRA QUEEN'S AMAZON SLAVES...



BUT IN THE TEMPLE WAITS... THE COBRA QUEEN.'



IT BUYS THE NEEDED TIME FOR PENDRAGON AND CONRAD TO REACH THE ROPE...



BUT VAMPIRELLA IS LEFT IN THE COILS OF A SUPERIOR FOE!

THEN, AS THE GLEAMING FANGS DIP TO STRIKE...



PENDY, I DON'T THINK UNTIL TODAY I REALIZED HOW MUCH YOU CARED FOR ME... SACRIFICING YOUR ENTIRE SUPPLY OF BRANDY TO START THAT FIRE!



THE IMPORTANT THING IS YOUNG ADAM IS SAFE AND SOUND...! SO WHAT IF I CAN NEVER FACE CREPES SUZETTE AGAIN!

PITY THE POOR PROTAGONIST OF THIS STORY, DAVID WINTERS, CAUGHT IN THE FILMY WEBBING OF LIFE... UNKNOWING OF THE MANY LIVES OF WOMEN...

DAVID WINTERS HAS PLAYED THIS SCENE BEFORE. ONLY THE BIT PLAYERS CHANGE THE CHOREOGRAPHY. THE BIT PLAYER THIS TIME IS HARRIET STONE.

PLAY IT COOL, PLAY IT HARD, RE-ENACT THAT FIRM, STIFF WALK. ONLY THE FAINT CHILL OF THE NIGHT AUTUMN AIR SUGGESTS THIS ISN'T THE SAME EPISODE STAGED THREE MONTHS BEFORE TO A WARM JULY EVENING.

THE TORN SOBBIINGS, THE MASCARA BLED TEARS HAVE BEEN MIRRORRED ON OTHER YOUNG FACES. IT IS HARDLY NOTICEABLE THAT OTHER LUNGS RIP OUT THESE SOBS, THAT NEW EYES SPILL THESE TEARS.



JUST PAINT TREMORS ABOUT THE FINGERS BETRAY ANY EMOTION TO THE ABRUPT TERMINATION OF THE RELATIONSHIP, A TYPICAL REACTION.

IT DOESN'T GET ANY MORE DIFFICULT, JUST THE FAMILIAR NAGGING DREAD OF THE PARTING SCENE. NO SWEET SORROW HERE, BABY!



# "SONG OF A SAD-EYED SORCERESS"

THE LAST THOUGHT FADES TO NEW STIMULI. WINTERS SEES ONLY THE SWEEP OF HER BACK, THE GRACEFUL FALL OF HER HAIR, AND YET SOMETHING CATCHES IN HIS THROAT AND A STRANGE SCENT CATCHES AT HIS NOSTRILS.



THAT I CAN PROMISE YOU, DAVID WINTERS!

HARRIET STONE HAD ONLY BEEN WORKING FOR KELLY AND LISSON, INC., FOR LITTLE OVER A WEEK WHEN DAVID WINTERS HAD FIRST WALKED INTO HER LIFE, DELIVERING ONE OF THOSE SMUG, ARTIFICIAL SMILES, SHE ASSUMED, THAT HE USUALLY DELIVERED IN EXECUTIVE SUITES. AND SHE HAD BEEN ALSO AWARE THAT HE WAS NOT ONLY ON THE MAKE IN A BUSINESS SENSE, HIS ENTIRE LIFE STYLE WAS ONE CONTINUOUS "MAKE-IT" DRIVE.



THAT HAD BEEN HER FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH DAVID WINTERS. IN FACT, IT HAD BEEN HER FIRST ACTUAL ENCOUNTER WITH ANYBODY IN NEW YORK CITY SINCE HER ARRIVAL. SHE HAD LOOKED INTO THE DUSTY MIRROR EACH MORNING, ASSURING HERSELF THAT SHE HAD NO STARS IN HER EYES, THAT SHE WAS TOUGH AND SELF-RELIANT. BUT AS THE NIGHT CITY SOUNDS DRIFTED UP INTO HER TENEMENT ROOM THE RETURN LOOK WAS NOT AS FIRM, AND - DESPITE THE NEAR RELIGIOUS LECTURES SHE HAD PREACHED SILENTLY TO HERSELF - DAVID WINTERS BECAME THE FIRST RECOGNIZABLE FACE.

THE STING OF THE AUTUMN WIND SHARPENS ON HIS CHEEKS AS HE STEPS FORWARD. A DIM VOICE PLEADS WITH HIM NOT TO TAKE THE STEP, BUT HIS MOVEMENTS ARE NOT OF HIS OWN VOLITION.



YOU HAVE MORE QUESTIONS. THEY BURN YOUR MIND. I SENSE THEM AND YOU... WONDER. HOW I SENSE THEM. YOU DESIRE TO TOUCH MY FLESH AND HAVE MY FLESH BURN YOU AS YOUR QUESTIONS DO. SO FOLLOW ME, DAVID WINTERS. FOLLOW ME, FOR THIS IS NO MORE THAN AN INNOCENT PARK WHERE LOVERS HAVE SPENT SPRING MOMENTS IN LOVELY POLITICS, POLITICS WHICH YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE A MASTER DEMAGOGUE OF... TILL NOW!!!



THE SAME DIM VOICE THROWS OUT THE WARNING AGAIN, BUT DAVID WINTERS KNOWS IT IS A LOST CAUSE THAT HE WILL FOLLOW THE FLOWING APPARITION, THAT THE DECISION HAS BEEN DETERMINED IN A PART OF HIM THAT HE HAS NEVER VISITED BEFORE.

THE WEEKS HAD PASSED -- LONE, SOLITARY WEEKS SPLINTERED WITH BRIEF MOMENTS OF HUMAN CONTACT DURING OFFICE HOURS; AND HARRIET STONE HAD REALIZED THAT SHE HAD NEVER BEEN IN THE MIDST OF SO MANY PEOPLE, NOR HAD SHE EVER BEEN SO ALONE.

JUST DON'T GET ANY WEIRD IDEAS, DAVID.

SHE HAD KNOWN DAVID WINTERS GAME; SHE HAD KNOWN HE WAS TRYING TO SCORE ALL THROUGH THOSE UNCTIOUS MONOLOGUES THAT HE DELIVERED, YET, FINALLY, TO COMPENSATE FOR THE HOSTILITY AND ALONENESS, SHE YIELDED, ONE MEETING LEADING TO ANOTHER, BOTH OF THEM PLAYING THE USUAL MALE-FEMALE POLITICS....

WHO IS P? WOULD I DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

BEYOND THAT THESE CO-WORKERS OF HERS GOT ALL THE BREAKS AND BENEFITS WHICH ADDED TO HER LAMENT.

QUITE A PAD YOU'VE GOT HERE, AND LISTEN, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE COME-ON ON THE PAST FEW WEEKS. GUESS IT'S THE PRESSURE, YOU KNOW?

CHANGE OF TACT, DAVID?

LISTEN, HARRIET, YOU'VE GOT THE MOST SUSPICIOUS MIND THAT...

YES, I THINK YOU WOULD. STAY HERE WHILE I FIX US A DRINK IN THE KITCHEN. HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?

OH, I SEE YOU'VE DISCOVERED MY ATHAME.

ATHAME? I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE OCCULT ARTS? IT'S A CONSECRATION KNIFE. WITCHES WOULD USE THOSE TO INVOKE DEMONS BY DRAWING A MAGIC CIRCLE WITH IT. IT'S ONE OF MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS.

HARRIET STONE HAD LISTENED TO WINTERS REPLY, STILL AWARE AS TO HIS NATURE. SHE HAD REMAINED STOIC, UNATTAINABLE THROUGH-OUT HIS SOPHISTICATED RAP, PLEASED THAT ANOTHER PERSON SHARED THE ROOM FOR THE MOMENT; AND SHE HAD ALSO BEEN AWARE THAT HER PASSION FOR THE OCCULT WAS A FACET OF HER WINTERS HAD NEVER SUSPECTED....

...AND THROUGHOUT THAT EVENING HE COULD NEVER REALLY FORGET THE BLADE OF ATHAME RESTING UNDER THE FLOOR-LAMP.

TWO SECTIONS OF WINTER'S MIND BATTLE FOR DOMINANCE. ONE SECTION IS FILLED WITH THE FLEETING SPECTRE BEFORE HIM, BUT THE OTHER SECTION IS GRIPPING AT SOME THIN EDGE OF NORMALITY.

WHO IS THIS CREATURE WHO BECKONS AND SWAYS BEFORE HIM, ENTICING HIM OUTWARD WITH EVERY FLUID MOVEMENT, EACH SUPPLE CURVE DEMANDING OBEDIENCE? IS HE FALLING PREY TO SOME PSYCHOTIC FEAR OF WOMEN THAT HE HAS HELD IN CHECK DURING HIS ENTIRE LIFE?

BUT THAT IS FOOLISHNESS. YET, IF IT IS FOOLISHNESS, THEN WHY CAN'T HE STOP HIS FEET FROM MOVING OUT ONTO THAT BRIDGE? WHY IS THE DESIRE TO POSSESS BURNING SO PERVERTLY IN HIS VENS? AND NAHEMAN, SHE IS LIKE SOME SYMBOLIC LIFE-FORM WHOSE CREATION AND PURPOSE HAS BEEN LOST IN THE PASSAGE OF TIME. WHY IS THAT?



HARRIET STONE HAD PLAYED THE GAME, FOLLOWING THE PRESCRIBED FORMULA, INCLUDING ALL THE TENTATIVE MOVES AND DOUBLE ENTENDRES.

SHE HAD PLAYED THE GAME AND PLAYED IT WELL, TRYING TO REMAIN AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THAT WAS ALL IT WAS: A GAME.

IT HAD BEEN THE COMMON NEED, THE ONE TRAIT THAT LINKED THEM, WHICH HAD FINALLY COMPLETED THE CHARADE.



SHE HAD HEARD HERSELF UTTERING WORDS THAT WERE SCHOOL-GIRL TEXT WORDS SHE HAD KNOWN BETTY FRIEDAN WOULD FROWN UPON; AND SHE FELT ALTERNATE SENSATIONS, A MINGLING OF NEED WITH A FEELING OF FAILURE.



THE SOFT, MELLOW SOUNDS OF FRANK SINATRA CROONING *LOST LOVE* IN THE BACKGROUND HAD ADDED THE FINAL TOUCH TO THE SCENE. SHE HAD WONDERED HOW MANY SUCH SCENES HAD BEEN PRESIDED OVER, VOCALLY, BY THE KING.

LISTEN, WE BOTH NEED IT, RIGHT? YOU KNOW YOU REALLY WANT THIS.



AND SHE HAD STILL KNOWN THAT IT WAS ONLY A GAME, BUT THERE WAS ONE SLIGHT CHANGE. SHE HAD BEEN WISHING THAT PART OF IT COULD BE ... REAL.

NO ONE'S GONNA HURT YOU, HONEY. THAT'S NO JIVE.

RIGHT NOW, I WANT YOU, BABY!



THE WIND LIFTS, CARRYING NAHEMATH'S CARRESSING VOICE TO HIM, THE WORDS A CHANTING MOCKERY AS THE Gaping CHASM BELOW GRIPS AT THE CENTER OF WINTER'S STOMACH.

HOW MANY SONGS HAVE YOU LISTENED TO, YET NEVER HEARD THE LYRICS?

YET, THERE IS A POWER GREATER THAN THAT OF THE YAWNING ABYSS; AND IT IS MIRRORED IN NAHEMATH'S EYES, A KINDLING SPARK THAT DISRUPTS THE NIGHT AIR AND SEARS HIS FLESH, SOME BASIC PART OF HIM FIGHTS TO RETAIN HIS IDENTITY.

WHAT WHISPERED HOPES ENFLAMED ON YOUR COVENANT WASHED TO DYING EMBERS?

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?... SERMONNETTES?

THAT'S ONE DAMNED THING I DON'T NEED, SISTER! YOU BROADS ARE ALL Alike!

BUT YOU.... YOU'RE THE FREAKIEST WITCH I'VE EVER SEEN!

WINTER'S HEART LURCHES CRAZILY IN HIS CHEST, SLAMMING HIS BLOOD FERCELY TO HIS HEAD, HIS HANDS GRASP AT AIR, AND HIS BODY SWAYS WITH THE BREEZE, WALTERING, THE DARKNESS PATIENTLY AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL WHILE NAHEMATH STANDS ALOOF AND UNATTAINABLE.

NOT WITCH, DAVID!

HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED YET WHAT I AM? DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT I REPRESENT?

OR ARE YOU NOT AWARE SUCH BEINGS AS I EXIST ON THE PERIPHERAL EDGES OF YOUR WORLD.... OR PERHAPS SUCH KNOWLEDGE WOULD SHATTER YOUR FRAGILE PHILOSOPHY, DEAR, SWEET DAVID?

HARRIET HAD SEEN THE MECHANISMS AT WORK. SHE HAD KNOWN WHAT FUNCTIONS EACH MOVEMENT WINTERS SUPPLIED MEANT, YET, SHE HAD IGNORED THEM, DESIRING INSTEAD A TIME OF RELIANCE TO SELF-RELIANCE. SHE DESERVED THAT MUCH. SHE HAD SOOTHED HERSELF, AWARE THERE WOULD COME A TIME WHEN SHE WOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT CONVENIENCE.

WHY DO YOU  
HAVE TO USE  
PEOPLE?

GET IT THROUGH YOUR  
THICK SKULL, BABY.... I  
COULDN'T HAVE USED  
YOU IF YOU HADN'T  
WANTED TO BE USED!

YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO  
BE USED! YOU KNOW WHAT  
IT IS, YOU LIVE IN YOUR  
PRECIOUS FAIRY TALE  
WORLD WITH YOUR  
GUIDING STARS AND THAT  
SILLY SORCERESS'  
BLADE!

AND YOU KEEP  
NURTURING THAT  
SALVING DELUSION  
THAT EVERY-ONE'S  
GOT IT BETTER THAN  
YOU SO THAT YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO FEEL  
ABOUT BEING  
BELOW STANDARD!!!

THAT HAS NOTHING  
TO DO WITH USING  
PEOPLE!

THEY'RE A NICE COMMODITY,  
BUT I PAID FOR IT AND I KNEW  
THE MERCHANDISE I WAS  
BUYIN'! SO DON'T GO GET  
RIGHTEOUS...

WE'LL SEE  
'R AROUND, BABY.  
HUUH?

JUST A FAIRY  
TALE WORLD, HUH,  
MR. KNOW-IT-ALL?

I HATE  
YOU!

WELL, I'LL SHOW  
YOU JUST HOW  
MUCH A FAIRY TALE  
WORLD IT IS...

I'M GIVING  
YOU JUST ONE  
MORE CHANCE, YOU  
CONCEITED BEAST,  
AND THEN I'LL SHOW  
YOU JUST HOW MUCH  
FANTASY IT IS...

YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THE ATHAME  
CAN DO... WHAT  
POWER IT HOLDS...

THE BLADE THAT  
INSCRIBES THE  
MAGIC CIRCLE THAT  
WILL ALLOW ME TO  
CONTACT THE  
DAUGHTERS OF  
HECATE....

... WHICH WILL  
CALL FORTH THE MOST  
DAMNING OF SUCCUBAE  
INTO MY BODY, WAITING  
TO BE UNLEASHED,  
WAITING FOR...  
VENGEANCE!



WINTERS HOVERS AT THE  
BRINK WITH DEATH AND LIFE  
WAITING ON THE SIDES. HE  
HAS NEVER BEEN THIS  
CLOSE TO DEATH BEFORE  
AND YET THERE IS STILL A  
CURIOS SENSATION THAT  
IT IS HAPPENING TO  
SOMEONE ELSE.



A TENTATIVE STEP. THE  
FEAR STILL CLUTCHING  
AT HIS INSIDES, AND HIS  
BALANCE IS RESTORED.



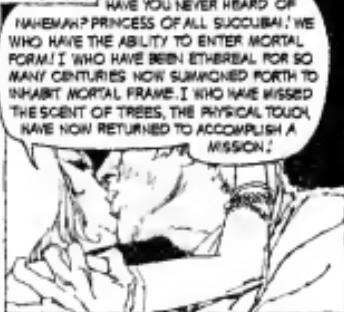
THE TERROR SUBSIDES IN HIS BREAST AS HE CONTINUES ACROSS  
THE TERMITE AND WEATHER-EATEN BRIDGE.



NAHEMIAH'S UNEARTHLY BEAUTY RESUMES  
ITS HOLD. HE HAS NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE HER BEFORE, YET AT  
THE SAME TIME HE HAS KNOWN  
SEPARATE PARTS OF HER.

HER BREATH IS WARM AND EXOTIC.  
HER SCENT FILLS HIS NOSTRILS. HER  
TOUCH IS ELECTRIC, AND THESE ARE  
EMOTIONS HE CANNOT COMPREHEND.

HE WANTS TO RUN; HE WANTS TO CONQUER HER.  
FOR ONE FIERCE MOMENT, AS HE GRIPS THE  
UNEARTHLY BEAUTY TO HIM, HE REGAINS HIS  
FORMER CONFIDENCE AND CLUTCHES HER  
BRUTALLY.



His command is short-lived,  
Followed with a laughter that  
whips on the cold night wind and  
tears at his ears

WITH THE

POWER TO TURN YOUR  
LUST...

SATIN FLESH TURNS TO SCALEY COILS  
BENEATH HIS FINGERS. SOFT  
WARMTH BLEND TO SERPENTINE  
CHILL.

THE CHANGE SHREDS WINTER'S SANITY. HIS  
ENTIRE BEING RIPPED OPEN AND EXPOSED WITH A  
MIND THAT SEEKS DESPERATELY TO COMPREHEND  
WHAT CANNOT BE COMPREHENDED.



OH, SACRED DAUGHTER OF HECATE, PRINCESS OF THE SUCCUBA...

COME FORTH INTO THIS WORLD OF PLASTIC...

COME FORTH INTO THIS WORLD OF OVER-POPULATION WHERE LONELINESS AND ALIENATION ARE DEEPER THAN EVER...

AND FEEL THE HURT OF YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD SISTERS AS YOU ENTER MY BEING, FEEL THAT KURT AND SEEK JUSTIFICATION...



I AM HERE HARRIET STONE.

I CAN SENSE IT. MY MIND IS ONE WITH YOURS. THEY MINGLE.

YOU MUST RELAX AND LET ME TAKE POSSESSION. ALL READY I BEGIN TO REALIZE THE SENSATIONS I HAVE MISSED SO MANY YEARS. THROUGH YOUR FINGERS I NOW HAVE TOUCH BUT SOON IT WILL BE MY TOUCH...

YOU SAY IT IS IMPERSONAL BUT THERE ARE SO MANY OF YOU...

YES, BUT IT IS THAT WAY, AND CRUEL. I SOMETIMES WONDER HOW ANYONE CAN WANT TO LIVE IN THIS JUNGLE, THIS SOOT AND GRIME...

BUT NOW YOU ARE WITHIN ME, SISTER, AND I FEEL A CHENESS WITH YOU !



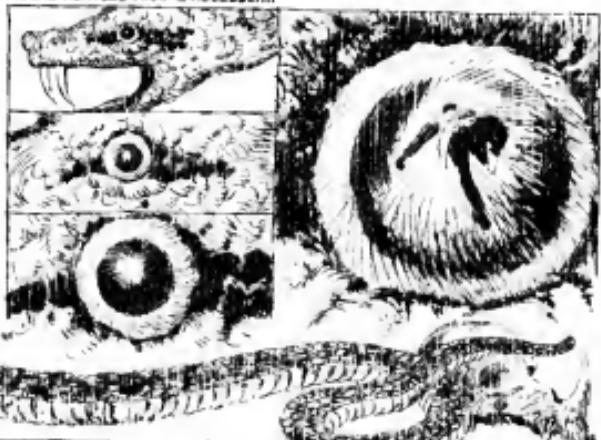
NAHEMNAH EXULTS IN THE PANIC SHE CAUSES. SIBILANT HISSES SPLIT THE AIR IN SERPENTINE LAUGHTER.

SHE IS ALIVE ONCE MORE, EVEN THE  
ESSENCE OF FOULED AIR TINGLES AT  
HER NOSTRILS... AND HE KNOWS  
A FEAR BORN OF THE  
ANCESTORS!



COLD, REPTILIAN EYES WATCH WITH A GLINT OF AMUSEMENT AS THE BROKEN MALE  
FIGURE HURTLES AWAY CARELESSLY...

AND THEN SHE RELEASES HIM, BONES  
SNAPPED ALONG WITH SPIRIT.



AND FALLS OVER THE EDGE OF EARTH,  
COLLIDING HARD AGAINST THE GROUND AND  
THEN FALLING OUTWARD, SPINNING, INTO  
THE RUSH OF AIR, HURTLING TOWARD HIS  
DEATH.

THE MALE HUMAN'S SCREAMS FADE QUICKLY.  
THE ONLY TESTIMONY TO THE EVENTS IS THE  
BROKEN AND MANGLED BODY ON THE ROCKS  
BELOW. THE RIVER WATER DOES NOT CEASE.



IT WAS ALL...  
SO HORRIBLE....

I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
DONE IT, NAHEMHAH!  
WHY DID YOU LET ME  
DO IT P?

YOU ALWAYS COMPLAIN,  
HARRIET STONE! YOU BASK  
IN YOUR SELF-MADE  
REALITY OF MISERI AND  
SELF-PITY!

SELF-PITY! NO!  
YOU'RE WRONG!  
I WAS JUSTIFIED!

BUT I WAS USED!  
I DID NOT MAKE THAT  
UP!

MANY OF YOUR  
RACE JUSTIFY THEIR  
UNspoken, NEARLY  
UNALTERABLE RULE  
THAT THEY ARE  
DETERMINED TO SEEK  
THEIR OWN BRAND  
OF HELL!

AGREED. IN THIS  
INSTANCE, BUT IT IS  
NOT THE MOMENTARY  
SELF-PITY THAT IS DESPABLE.  
IT IS THOSE WHO MAKE A LIFE  
STYLE OF CURSING OTHERS  
FOR THEIR FAILURES!

GIVE ME  
BACK MY BODY  
NAHEMHAH!!

IF I ALLOWED YOU BACK,  
YOU WOULD CONTINUE TO  
DREAM DREAMS OF DESPAIR,  
YOU WOULD NOT ENJOY  
THESE SENSATIONS... YOU  
WOULD CONTINUE TO  
WAIL YOUR SAD-EYE  
SYMPHONY: VERSES  
RHYMED TO CONSOLE  
ONLY YOURSELF!

BUT BELIEVE ME  
HARRIET, I SHALL ENJOY  
EACH PERCEPTION...

I REALLY  
SHALL!!!

I AM AFRAID THAT IS  
IMPOSSIBLE. IF YOU HAD  
BEEN UNABLE TO TOUCH  
ANYTHING FOR CENTURIES,  
YOU WOULD KNOW WHAT I  
MEAN! NOW I CAN TASTE, I CAN  
FEEL! THERE ARE OTHER MEN  
OUT THERE OF DIFFERENT  
CALIBERS THAN THIS ONE I  
JUST SLEW. I WILL KNOW  
SOME OF THEM, THEY WILL  
COME TO ME!

JUST A LITTLE LESSON  
TAKEN OUT OF THE ARCHIVES,  
FRIEND READERS. SO  
REMEMBER, THE NEXT TIME  
YOU'RE OUT ON THE STREETS  
SEEKING TO USE SOMEONE,  
IT JUST MIGHT BE SOMEONE  
THAT WILL USE YOU! SWEET  
FANTASIES!!!

LONG NIGHTS OF INTENSE INVESTIGATION AND SEARCHING FINALLY BARE FRUIT AS TWO PRIESTS OF THE VILLAGE OF ALBA IULIA IN TRANSYLVANIA CLOSE IN UPON ONE OF THE UNDEAD, TRAPPING HIM WITHIN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING.



THE ANCIENT STONE FLOOR RESOUNDS LOUDLY TO THE VAMPIRE'S POUNDING FEET. FOOTPRINTS IN DUST UNDISTURBED FOR YEARS LEAVE A CLEAR TRAIL...



# THE GRY OF THE DRAMPIR

... WHICH LEADS, INEVITABLY, TO A HIGH CEILINGED ROOM WITH THE ONLY DOOR BLOCKED BY THE PRIESTS.



THE BEGINNINGS OF ANOTHER TYPICAL VAMPIRE EPIC, YOU SAY... WHERE YOU KNOW BEFOREHAND EACH MOVE OF THE CHARACTERS... AND THE END COMES DEEP IN: SOME ANCIENT CATACOMBS WHERE THE DOCTOR POUNDS THE CLICHÉ-RIDDEN STAKE DEEP INTO THE VAMPIRE'S BLOATED HEART. NO... NOT THIS TIME. A BREATH OF FETID AIR DIRECT FROM LEFT FIELD WILL SOON OVERTHROW ALL THE CLICHÉS AND CARRY WITH IT THE UNEXPECTED CRY OF THE DRAMPIR.



YOU TALK TOO MUCH, MAN OF GOD. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR TRACKING SKILL FOUND ME?

A QUICK JERK OF THE BELL ROPE RELEASES A CUNNINGLY PREPARED TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR,SENDING THE STARTLED PRIESTS FALLING INTO THE CELLAR...



AN IRONIC END FOR VAMPIRE KILLERS... IS IT HOT?



DON'T WASTE YOUR EFFORT, BYRON. I AM ALREADY ONE OF THE UNDEAD... AS YOU WELL KNOW.



WHILE IN THE FORM OF A BAT I WITNESSED YOUR FLIGHT FROM THE PRIESTS. I SAW YOU TRAPPED IN THIS BUILDING AND ENTERED IN HOPES OF PROVIDING SOME HELP. I HAVE NO LOVE FOR WOULD-BE VAMPIRE KILLERS. BUT BEFORE I COULD COME TO YOUR RESCUE YOU SPRANG YOUR LITTLE TRAP DOOR AND SENT THEM TO AN ALLEGED HEAVENLY REWARD.

AND A CLEVER TRAP IT WAS, TOO. THOSE PRIESTS WERE MAKING MY SURVIVAL INCREASINGLY PERILOUS. I RIGGED THIS TRAP LAST NIGHT AND ALLOWED THEM TO FOLLOW ME TONIGHT. BUT... AGAIN... WHY ARE YOU HERE?

THE ANSWER IS DRAMATICALLY PROVIDED AS DAESHA LEADS BYRON TO ANOTHER ROOM OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING.

IF YOU HAD GIVEN THIS BUILDING A GOOD GOING OVER BEFORE PREPARING YOUR TRAP, YOU WOULDN'T ASK THAT QUESTION. LOOK THERE.



A COFFIN? WHOSE? IT'S NOT ONE OF MINE. YOURS THEN?

NO... NOT AWE THE OWNER IS STILL IN THE COFFIN... COMPLETELY DESTROYED... ANNIHILATED... RETURNED TO THE FINEST ASH. HE WAS DESTROYED SO SUDDENLY THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO RESIST. LOOK AT HOW UNRUFFLED THE CLOTHING IS.

BUT WHAT KILLED HIM? I SEE NOTHING OF DANGER TO US HERE.

YES, I'VE HEARD STORIES... FILTERED THROUGH GOSSPY OLD WOMEN, BUT I PAID THEM NO NEED.

A VAMPIRE BY THE NAME OF VLADIMIR CAME TO ME A FEW MONTHS AGO WITH A THEORY THAT THE DEATHS WERE NOT RANDOM, BUT CAUSED BY ONE AGENCY. SEARCHING FOR INFORMATION, HE CAME TO THIS VILLAGE. WHEN I CAUGHT UP TO HIM, HE HAD ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED. THIS IS WHAT REMAINS OF HIM.

YOU KNOW WELL OF THE HIGH NUMBER OF VAMPIRE DEATHS DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, BYRON.

DAEGGA UNBOLTS THE SHUTTER TO THE WINDOW. IT SWINGS OPEN, GIVING AN UNRESTRICTED VIEW OF THE VALLEY IN WHICH IS LOCATED THE VILLAGE. SOUNDS OF MUSIC AND GAIETY FLOAT UP FROM BELOW.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DESTROYED HIM?

THERE IS A CIRCUS AT THE EDGE OF TOWN... THE SAME CIRCUS WAS AT EACH VILLAGE, IN WHICH A VAMPIRE WAS DESTROYED. IT IS MORE THAN COINCIDENCE. I'LL WAGER ANYTHING THAT OUR ENEMY IS THERE!

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, FAIR VAMPIRA. IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING CHANGE FOR ME. TOO LONG HAVE I CONSORTED ONLY WITH CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, CUT OFF FROM ALL HUMAN FRIVOLITY. THE LAUGHTER OF RED BLOODED CHILDREN SHALL DO MY SOUL GOOD.

LAUGH NOW, IF YOU MUST. I ONLY PRAY THAT YOU, AND NOT SOMETHING... ELSE... WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.

SOON, AT THE CIRCUS, BYRON AND DAEGGA ARE SURROUNDED BY THE UNFAMILIAR SIGHTS OF HAPPY CROWDS OF PEOPLE OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FUN.

THE ANSWER IS HERE, BUT HOW CAN WE FIND IT AMONG THESE HIDOUSLY NOISY CROWDS OF PEOPLE.

WE NEED PRIVACY. ONLY IN SOLITUDE CAN WE USE OUR POWERS SAFELY.

TRYPHENIA: GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER: SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU: YOUR DESTINY IN THE TEA LEAVES

THE GYPSY... HER TENT WOULD BE DARK AND QUIET. THERE WOULD BE NO INTERRUPTION AS WE... PUT HER TO THE QUESTION.





QHESGA DOES NOT SPEAK. HER  
WILL ARCS THE SPACE BETWEEN  
THEM AND ENTERS THE GYPSY'S  
MIND ON A BEAM OF POTENT  
MENTAL ENERGY...

...PROBING WITH GENTLE, YET FORCEFUL  
WISPS OF POWER AMONG THE  
CLUTTERED MEMORIES OF A NOMADIC  
LIFE.

SLOWLY THE RANDOM PARTS OF AN  
ANCIENT MEMORY ARE JOINED TOGETHER.



I AM EXPECTING OUR FIRST CHILD. BUT THE COMING OF NIGHT BRINGS NO  
THOUGHTS OF PLEASURE, BUT ONLY VISIONS OF TERROR...



...NOT TERROR OF THE UNBORN, BUT  
TERROR...



...OF THE UNDEAD!!!



HIS MOUTH... HIS TEETH, SO LONG...  
SHARP... BUT I CAN DO NOTHING...  
HE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND  
EACH TIME I FALL MORE UNDER  
HIS POWER...



WAIT... WHAT IS THE MATTER... WHY IS  
HE TURNING AWAY?



IT IS MY HUSBAND!

DON'T WORRY, IT'S ALL  
RIGHT. THE EVIL IS DESTROYED.  
YOU ARE SAFE.

PLEASE STAND ASIDE  
...QUICKLY. THIS  
OPPORTUNITY... SO  
RARE... CANNOT BE  
LIGHTLY DISMISSED.



YOUR HELP IN  
THIS MATTER HAS BEEN  
MOST WELCOME, BUT  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO  
MY WIFE, IF I MAY  
ASK?

WE ARE CREATING  
A WEAPON FOR THE  
LORD'S BATTLE AGAINST  
THE FORCES OF  
DARKNESS.

YOU, YOUNG LADY, ARE  
RARE... A PREGNANT WOMAN WHO  
HAS BEEN VISITED BY A VAMPIRE AND  
SURVIVED. ADDING TO THE VAMPIRIC  
RESIDUE IN YOUR BLOOD THE POWER  
OF GOD ADMINISTERED BY  
THESE RITES WILL INSURE...



WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN? I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.



...THAT YOUR  
OFFSPRING WILL HAVE  
THE SUPERNATURAL  
POWER TO DESTROY  
VAMPIRES AT A TOUCH.

YOUR FAMILY WILL  
BECOME BLESSED IN THAT  
A MEMBER WILL BE IN THE  
FOREFRONT OF THE LORD'S  
BATTLE AGAINST THE  
FORCES OF SATAN... HE  
WILL BE A... DHAMIR.

WHAT I HAD HEARD PRAYED ON MY MIND FOR  
THE REST OF THE NIGHT. I TOSSSED AND  
TURNED AND WAS UNABLE TO GET ANY  
SLEEP. HOW UNBELIEVABLE THAT I WAS TO  
BE AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD.



WE ARE  
HONORED AND  
THANKFUL, FATHER.



THE ROOM IS OPPRESSIVE. THE  
VAMPIRE HAS BEEN DESTROYED...  
BUT AN AURA OF EVIL STILL CLINGS  
TO THIS WAGON...

...HOVERING OVER ME...WAITING  
FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS...



PRETTY WORDS,  
GIPSY WOMAN, BUT  
I AM NOT YET  
DESTROYED.



I KNOW ALL  
I NEED TO KNOW  
...AND YOU KNOW  
TOO MUCH.



THAT WILL  
BE TAKEN CARE  
OF SHORTLY,  
HELLSPAWN!

DESPERATION LENDS STRENGTH TO DAEGGA AS SHE FLINGS A HEAVY PAIR OF BOOTS AT THE ADVANCING WOMAN.

WHA 1953

...TAKEN CARE  
OF...YES, BY  
ME!!!

AHHH, MY  
HEAD! HELP ME,  
SOMEONE!!!

HELP ME!!!  
HEL....!!!

AS DAEGBGA KNEELS BY THE DEAD WOMAN AND SATISFIES HER UNHOLY THIRST THE REAR DOOR OPENS.



A MOMENT'S GLANCE INTO THE HATE-FILLED EYES OF THE YOUNG MAN SHOWS DAEGBGA THAT SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE...



THEIR ESCAPE IS INTERRUPTED WHEN A MAN STUMBLERS FROM THE SHADOWS AND...





NO...NOT IN THE WOODS  
...ABOVE THE WOODS...



I'M SAFE FOR THE  
MOMENT. THE CHAMPIR,  
CAN'T REACH ME WHILE  
I'M IN THE FORM OF  
A BAT.

BUT THE CHAMPIR, A SUPERNATURAL  
BEING WITH THE BLOOD OF VAMPIRES  
FLOWING IN HIS VEINS, HAS RESOURCES  
TO DRAW UPON THAT BYRON COULD  
NEVER GUESS.

A SATANIC MIRACLE THROWS BYRON  
CLEAR OF THE IMPACT BEFORE THE  
CHAMPIR'S TALONS CAN SINK INTO HIS  
BODY.



TWISTING AND TURNING IN THE SKY  
ABOVE THE CIRCUS, BYRON RAPIDLY  
TILES. EACH SWIPE OF THE DEADLY  
TALONS COMES CLOSER...



...UNTIL



YOU...  
CHAMPIR... ALSO  
THE GREAT BIRD  
THAT ATTACKED  
ME?

YES. HALF OF MY  
HERITAGE IS VAMPIRE AND  
I HAVE MANY OF YOUR  
POWERS... WHICH MAKES  
ME UNBEATABLE.



BUT ENOUGH  
TALK. I AM DELATING  
MY HOLY MISSION...  
THE DESTRUCTION OF  
ALL VAMPIRES.

WAIT... SPARE ME...  
I CAN BE OF USE TO YOU...  
INFORMATION ON OTHER  
VAMPIRES... IF YOU LET  
ME LIVE.

IT'S ALWAYS INTERESTING  
TO HEAR WHAT THE VAMPIRES  
WILL OFFER ME IN EXCHANGE  
FOR THEIR LIVES...AS I  
ADVANCE FOR THE FINAL...

...KILL!!!

BLAM!

ANOTHER VAMPIRE WHO  
WON'T BE BOTHERING GOD-  
FEARING FOLK AGAIN.



THE SILVER  
BULLET DID ITS  
JOB WELL.

OUR VILLAGE  
HAS BEEN BOtherED  
LATELY BY A VAMPIRE.  
WE Banded TOGETHER  
IN SECRET TO PREPARE  
WEAPONS AGAINST  
THIS CREATURE. WHEN  
THE ALARM WAS  
GIVEN TONIGHT WE  
WERE READY TO GO  
INTO ACTION.



SILVER BULLET?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING WITH SILVER  
BULLETS AT THE  
CIRCUS?

WE SAW HIM  
FROM AFAR, CHANGING  
INTO HUMAN FORM  
FROM A GREAT WHITE  
DEVIL BIRD. ONLY  
THOSE IN LEAGUE WITH  
THE DEVIL HAVE SUCH  
POWERS.

SLOWLY THE CROWD  
DISPERSES. THE  
HOUR IS LATE AND  
THE VILLAGERS  
BEGIN RETURNING  
TO THEIR HOMES.

A SIGHT SOUND... BYRON SPINS AROUND.

HA! HA! HA!  
YES CHAMPION... YOU  
DID HAVE MANY OF  
MY POWERS... AND  
ALSO ONE OF MY  
WEAKNESSES...  
SILVER WAS AS  
DEADLY TO YOU  
AS IT IS TO ME.

YOU! THE CHAMPION'S  
GIRLFRIEND. I WOULD  
HAVE THOUGHT THAT  
YOU'D HAVE ENOUGH  
SENSE TO  
GET OF THE  
AREA.

AN INCREDIBLE ACT... YOU  
ACTUALLY HAD HIM  
DESTROYED. YOUR KIND  
WILL SING SONGS OF THIS  
FOR MANY CENTURIES  
TO COME.



YOU WON'T LIVE  
TO HEAR ANY OF  
THEM.

NOR YOU,  
VAMPIRE!

BYRON FEELS A DEEPENING CHILL. THIS IS  
NOT THE TYPICAL SCREAMING, WHIMPERING  
VAMPIRE VICTIM. SHE IS TOO SELF-  
CONFIDENT... TOO COMPOSED.

THERE IS ONE FACT  
YOU FAILED TO LEARN ABOUT  
THE GYPSY WOMAN. NINE  
MONTHS AFTER THE VAMPIRE  
VISITED HER, SHE GAVE  
BIRTH...

... TO  
TWINS!!!

YOU WERE  
LUCKY THIS  
EVENING... VERY  
LUCKY. BUT YOUR  
LUCK HAS JUST  
BEEN EXHAUSTED.

I AM NOT HIS LOVER...  
I AM HIS TWIN SISTER...  
AND A CHAMPION LIKE  
HE WAS.

IT'S ALMOST  
ENOUGH TO MAKE A  
GOOD VAMPIRE KILLER  
HANG UP HIS STAKE  
AND RETIRE.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM OF ARTHUR TOLTOR, AGING INVESTIGATOR OF SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA, TWO FIGURES CONVERSE IN LOW TONES. THEY ARE TOLTOR'S DAUGHTER, MARILYN AND HER HUSBAND, HENTON WENTWORTH. THE WENTWORTHS SPEAK QUIETLY SO AS NOT TO BE OVERHEARD BY THE PATRIARCH LYING QUIETLY IN HIS BED, READING...

ARTHUR TOLTOR HAD SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE INVESTIGATING REPORTS OF THE BIZARRE OR SUPERNATURAL. YET LATELY HIS KEEN MIND SEEMED TO WEARY UNDER THE BURDEN OF HIS ADVANCING YEARS.

THE ONCE BRILLIANT PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR HAD BECOME OBSCURED AND THERE WAS NO WAY OF TURNING BACK THE CLOCK. HE HAD ACCUSED MARILYN'S CHILD OF BEING A PERSON SUBSTITUTE FOR HER REAL CHILD AND NO ONE BELIEVED HIM. HOW COULD THEY? HOW COULD ANYONE? HE CLAIMED THAT THE SUBSTITUTE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, JOYCE WHO HAD DIED SHORTLY AFTER MARILYN'S LITTLE GIRL WAS BORN.

EVER WONDER WHY EVERYBODY BUT YOU IS SO OUT-OF-STEP? MEET ARTHUR TOLTOR. HE TRIED TO TELL THEM BUT NOBODY LISTENED. WHO'D WANT TO BELIEVE THEIR LITTLE BABY IS REALLY A...

HOW ARE YOU TODAY, FATHER?  
DO YOU MEAN AM I STILL SENILE AND RAVING?  
NOW ARTHUR, WOULD WE THINK SUCH A THING?  
YOU WOULD IF YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PROFIT FROM IT.

DEMONIC

SO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME. WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO HELP YOU, YOU SENILE OLD FOOL. I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU PUT AWAY. MARILYN AND I ARE GOING TO START ENJOYING LIFE FOR ONCE BY ENJOYING ALL YOUR LOVELY MONEY.

HENTON'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE. SET THE OLD MAN TO RANT ABOUT HIS PET OBSESSION. LITTLE MARY, ONCE WORKED UP, HENTON COULD BRING IN WITNESSES, AND HAVE TOLTOR PUT AWAY. NO QUESTION THAT THE OLD MAN WAS IRRATIONAL...JUST GET HIM WORKED UP AND HE WOULD DO THE REST.

I'LL IGNORE THAT REMARK, ARTHUR. MARILYN AND I HAVE COME TO TRY AND CONVINCE YOU FOR THE LAST TIME THAT JOICE DIED A NATURAL DEATH. SURELY YOU MUST REALIZE JUST HOW STRANGE YOUR STORY SOUNDS.

JOICE KNEW AND THEY KILLED HER FOR IT. DO YOU REMEMBER HOW PRETTY SHE WAS? SHE WAS ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEEDED HER, NEVER AFRAID. NOW SHE'S GONE. I REMEMBER THAT DARK DAY IT ALL BEGAN.

THE HELL YOU HAVE! ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS SEEING ME PUT AWAY SO YOU CAN GET CONTROL OF THE ESTATE. YOU'RE SO DARN BUSY TRYING TO COMMIT ME THAT YOU CAN'T SEE THE DANGER YOU'RE IN.

AND HE WENT INTO REVERIE, RELIVING THE PAST...

ARTHUR, IS IT WHAT WE THOUGHT IT WAS?

IT ALL STARTED WHEN JOICE AND I FOUND THE BOOK...OH, IF ONLY WE HADN'T...

YES, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF INVESTIGATING SUPERFICIAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL, WE HAVE AT LAST UNEARTHED THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

I'M AFRAID, ARTHUR. THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOOK THAT SCARES ME. IT REEKS OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL. PERHAPS WE SHOULD BURN IT WHILE WE ARE STILL ABLE.

IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED TO HER FEARS. SHE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE. IT WAS IN THAT BOOK THAT WE FIRST READ OF THE CHANSELING... HOW THE LORDS OF DARKNESS STEAL HUMAN INFANTS AND LEAVE DEMONS IN THEIR PLACE.



THEN SEVERAL YEARS LATER, MARILYN HAD THE BABY. JOYCE DISCOVERED THAT YOUR CHILD, YOUR LITTLE MARY, HAD FALLEN VICTIM TO THE WHIMS OF THE DARK LORDS AND WAS STOLEN AS IF FROM THE WOMB ITSELF!



THE CHANGELING IS A DEMON OF THE DARKEST PITS WHO IS LEFT IN EXCHANGE FOR THE STOLEN INFANT. IT LOOKS AND ACTS LIKE THE REAL CHILD, BUT ITS HEART IS STEEPED IN EVIL AND IT REMAINS EVER OBEDIENT TO ITS EVIL MASTERS.



WHEN JOYCE SAW THE CHANGELING SHE WARNED ME ABOUT IT. SOON AFTER... THEY KILLED HER FOR WHAT SHE KNEW AND I LOST MY WIFE, THE FIRST CASUALTY IN THE HOPELESS BATTLE!



POR MOTHER, SHE DIED SO UNEXPECTEDLY.

FATHER, PLEASE CALM DOWN. REMEMBER, WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID...



NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, THEY KILLED HER FOR WHAT SHE KNEW. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



DAMN THE DOCTOR. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID? DID YOUR MOTHER DIE IN VAIN? SHE TRIED TO WARN YOU THAT THE THING YOU'RE RAISING IS NOT YOUR CHILD. WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO SAVE THE REAL MARY?

HENTON COULD ALMOST FEEL VICTORY IN HIS GRASP. TOLTOR WAS RAVING NOW, ALMOST AT THE DROP OF A HAT. NOW ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS GET SOMEONE TO WITNESS THE OLD MAN'S FRIGHTENING MENTAL DETERIORATION.

ARTHUR,  
MARILYN IS  
RIGHT. TAKE  
IT EASY.

WE'RE NOT UP TO  
ANYTHING, BUT THEN  
I DON'T EXPECT YOU  
TO BELIEVE THAT.



VERY WELL, ARTHUR.  
I'M CURIOUS THOUGH.  
YOU SPOKE OF A BOOK.  
YOU AND JOYCE FOUND  
JUST WHAT ABOUT THIS  
PRICELSS AND  
TERRIFYING TREASURE?

MORE BED TIME STORIES,  
HENTON? IT'S CALLED SIMPLY  
*THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENTS*.  
IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE DIM  
BEGINNINGS WHEN MAN'S  
AWARENESS OF THE FORCES OF  
EVIL THAT BUFFET US FROM  
CRADLE TO TOMB WAS JUST  
TAKING SHAPE. THE BOOK  
REVEALED THE SECRETS OF  
THE AGES AND WAS PASSED  
DOWN THROUGH TIME TO WARN  
MAN OF THE DANGER.



THE LORDS OF  
DARKNESS... GRIM AND  
TERRIBLE DEBTS THAT WAIT  
ON THE EDGE OF TIME AND  
SPACE... CREATURES CAPABLE OF  
INCREIBLE EVIL AND INSATIABLE LUSTS.

JOYCE AND I FIRST  
CAME ON THE BOOK WHILE  
INVESTIGATING A MAN WHO  
DABBLED IN THE OCCULT. HE  
HAD TRIED TO USE THE SECRETS  
OF THE BOOK TO GAIN POWER.  
UNFORTUNATELY, THE FORCES  
WERE FAR TOO POWERFUL TO  
BE CONTROLLED. THEY  
DESTROYED HIM.





MORE, HENTON? HOW AN OLD MAN RAVES, EH? THE BOOK TELLS HOW AGES AGO MAN WORSHIPPED TERRIBLE DEITIES. HE SURRENDERED COMPLETELY TO THEIR POWER AND COMMITTED FOUL ACTS TO WIN FAVOR IN THEIR EYES.

GODS THAT WERE AT THE SAME TIME SUPREMELY POWERFUL AND COMPLETELY CORRUPT. FIENDS THAT REVELED IN EVERY FOUL AND VILE ACT MAN COULD DEVISE. THOSE THAT PRAYED TO THEM DIED IN STRANGE AND HORRIBLE DEATHS AND WITH EACH NEW DEATH THE LORDS OF DARKNESS GREW IN POWER.



FINALLY, AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, MAN REALIZED THE UNPARALLELED EVIL OF HIS GODS. IT WAS THEN HE TORE DOWN THEIR FILTHY ALTARS AND BANISHED THEM FROM EARTH WITH POWERFUL SPELLS.

IN TIME THERE WERE OTHER, RELIGIOUS AND MORE BENEVOLENT GODS TO PRAY TO. SOON ALL THE OLD FEARS WERE FORGOTTEN AND THE MEMORY OF THE DARK ONES FACED FROM MEMORY. BUT THE ANCIENT SPELLS OF PROTECTION WERE FORGOTTEN TOO. THUS... THE DANGER THAT THE DARK ONES WOULD RETURN ANEW.



THE LORDS OF DARKNESS WERE NOT DESTROYED, ONLY FORCED TO LEAVE EARTH. THEY WAITED PATIENTLY TILL THE INCANTATIONS WERE FORGOTTEN, THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENTS HAS THOSE SPELLS AND NOW I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM. IT IS ONLY MY KNOWING THOSE SPELLS THAT HOLDS BACK THE DARK LORDS FROM POURING BACK INTO OUR WORLD. ONLY I CAN STOP THEM, BUT I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

IT WAS GOING BETTER THAN HENTON HAD HOPED. THE OLD MAN WAS CONSUMED WITH DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION AND GRANDEUR, WITH FIENDISH GLEE HENTON PUSHED. HE WANTED STILL MORE.

WHAT ARE THEY PLOTTING, ARTHUR?

WHAT'S THE USE? YOU DON'T BELIEVE A WORD I'VE SAID, THE IRONY OF IT ALL IS THAT YOUR STUPIDITY AND CUPIDITY WILL DOOM ALL OF MANKIND.

THEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY TELLING ME WHAT YOU KNOW.

THEY'VE NEVER FORGIVEN MAN FOR ABANDONING THEM. THEY HAVE WAITED FOR COUNTLESS YEARS TO RETURN TO EARTH AND WITH THE USE OF THE DARK POWERS, MOLD IT INTO A LIVING HELL TO SUIT THEIR PERVERSE PLEASURES.

A SMALL FIGURE LISTENED TO EVERY WORD THE ADULTS SPOKE BEHIND THE BEDROOM DOOR. SHE LISTENED CLOSELY AND WAITED.

BUT HOW, ARTHUR? HOW ARE THEY GOING TO DO IT, ARTHUR?

ARE YOU SO BLIND, HENTON? HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT YET?

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T, NOT JUST YET, ANYWAY.

WITH SURPRISING STRENGTH, TOLTOR GRIPPED HENTON'S THIN ARM.

FIRST THEY MUST BE RID OF ANY THAT KNOW THEM. THAT IS WHY JOYCE WAS MURDERED AND WHY I AM NEXT. ONCE WE ARE GONE, THEY WILL CULTIVATE THEIR SINISTER CULT AGAIN AND RETURN FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER. FOR BOTH PARTS OF THIS MASTER PLAN, THEY NEED THE SERVICES OF THE CHANGELINGS.

NOT AGAIN  
PLEASE...NOT AGAIN, FATHER.

SURELY YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT OUR OWN LITTLE MARY IS A...A...

A DEVIL

THAT'S ABSURD. ARTHUR, MARY IS JUST A NORMAL LITTLE GIRL AND NOTHING MORE.

SHE IS NOT JUST A NORMAL CHILD. SHE IS NOT YOUR REAL DAUGHTER, AND SHE IS NOT MY GRANDCHILD!!! WHAT'S MORE, THAT THING ISN'T EVEN HUMAN. SHE'S A CHANGELING, A DEMON LEFT IN EXCHANGE FOR THE REAL MARY. PLEASE SEE THAT BEFORE THEY TAKE ME! PLEASE!

THE FIGURE IN THE HALL OPENS THE DOOR TO BETTER HEAR THE WORDS SPOKEN IN HER DEFENSE. SHE KNOWS THAT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THE OLD MAN, NO ONE AT ALL.

THE CHANGELING WAS LEFT WITH YOU FOR A TWO-FOLD PURPOSE. ONE TO SLAY THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNEW A WAY TO PREVENT THE RETURN OF THE DARK ONES, JOYCE AND MYSELF. THE OTHER WAS TO TWIST YOUR EVIL TO SUIT THEIR NEEDS. THEY WILL NEED PEOPLE LIKE YOU-- GRASPING, SELF-CENTERED, UNSCRUPULOUS, AND AWFULICIOUS, TO SPREAD THEIR EVIL TEACHINGS TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.

SUPPOSE FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I BELIEVE YOU, WHICH OF COURSE I DON'T, GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY OUR CHILD WAS TAKEN BY YOUR HOBGOBLINS?

WHY SHOULD GODS NEED ANY REASONS TO DO AS THEY PLEASE? THEY ACT WITHOUT SECOND THOUGHT. BUT THIS TIME I'M ALMOST SURE THERE WAS A REASON FOR SELECTING YOUR BABY.

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS. NOW HERE'S SOME FOR YOU. YOU'RE CRAZY, ARTHUR. IF THERE WERE THINGS LIKE THAT, THEY WOULD HAVE TAKEN OVER LONG AGO.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE WORKINGS OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS? THEY HAD TO WAIT TILL THE TIME WAS RIGHT, TILL MAN HAD FORGOTTEN ALL THE PROTECTIVE SPELLS AND THE WORLD WAS CORRUPTED BY ITS OWN STRANGLING SOPHISTICATION.

FATHER, PLEASE DON'T TALK THAT WAY ABOUT HENTON.

WHY? ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE TRUTH? OUR WORLD IS BEING TORN APART... BY WARS, CORRUPTION, HATRED, AND THE SUFFERING OF MAN. WHAT TIME IS BETTER SUITED FOR THE RETURN OF THE DARK GODS?

ARTHUR TOLTOR KNOWS HE IS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE. WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF OTHERS HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE POWER OF THE LORDS OF DARKNESS.

MOMMY, WHAT IS A CHANGING?

THAT'S CHANGING, DARLING. IT'S REALLY NOTHING, JUST A STORY TO FRIGHTEN LITTLE GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN BAD.

HOBGOBLINS, MARY

FATHER, YOU'RE SCARING MARY.

HEAR THAT, HELLSPAWN? YOU'VE FOOLLED THEM ALL.

MOMMY?

NO ONE BELIEVES MY STORY. NOW YOU CAN KILL ME JUST LIKE YOU DID MY WIFE. YOU KNEW THAT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE THAT WE'D BOTH GONE SILENT, SO YOU MURDERED HER AND LET ME LIVE TO SEE IF ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE MY STORY.



THE CASTLE STANDS IN THE  
MIDST OF TOWERING TREES, ITS  
TURRETS THRUSTING FORTH  
FROM THE FOLIAGE. IT BELONGS  
TO ANOTHER AGE. IT REFLECTS  
A STRANGE COMBINATION OF  
EARLY HOLLYWOOD GOTHIC AND  
A NOBLE EUROPEAN HERITAGE.

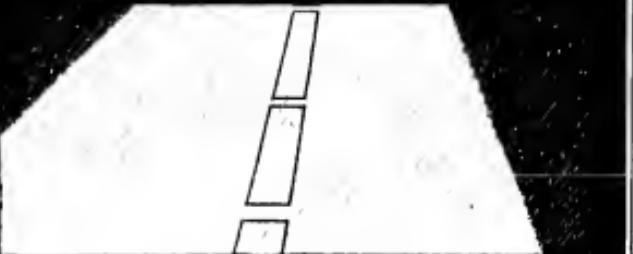
But this is not Transylvania,  
and the castle stands not  
far from the grey pollution-  
stained skies of New York City.  
It is a relic, and as such, it  
stands anonymously amongst  
the birch and pine, perhaps  
waiting to carry on a  
tradition.

This is Greystone Castle,  
and it is very much a twentieth-century reality. It  
stands alone and seemingly  
discarded. There are more  
important affairs in the  
world today than monuments  
to days long forgotten. Yet,  
there is an echo here of  
distant horrors.



# THE VAMPIRESS STALKS THE CASTLE THIS NIGHT

And on nights when the  
elements of nature turn  
chaotic, the echo is magnified;  
and stillness becomes,  
more than ever, a symbol  
of its patience. There is an  
odd feeling that pervades  
the area, and defines the  
nature of that waiting as  
anticipation. There is new  
prey about.



THE WET MACADAM WHISTLES HOLLOWLY  
UNDER THE TIRE TREADS...



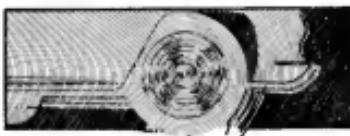
THE TWO PEOPLE DRIVE IN  
SILENCE. STATIC FROM THE  
RADIO BLENDS IN UNNOTICED  
WITH THE OTHER SOUNDS.



DONALD CARPENTER AND SANDRALEE  
DEVENS ARE AWARE OF THE ISOLATION  
ABOUT THEM.



FORGET HOW THAT NIGHT SEEMS  
ONLY A HAZY MEMORY,  
REPLACED WITH A TODAY...



FORGET THE LOST DESPAIR  
IN HER VOICE, DONALD  
CARPENTER, STOP COMPAR-  
ING THAT MELANCHOLY NOTE  
WITH THAT HUSKY, SENSUAL  
VOICE WHICH WAS ONE PART OF A  
DISTANT NIGHT.



...HEAVY AND GREY AS  
THE NIGHT SKY.

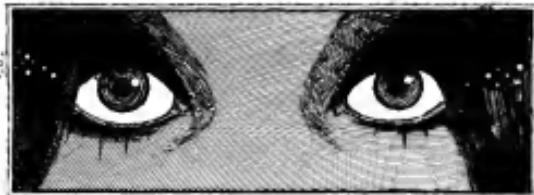


THEIR WORDS ARE HARSH IN THE QUIET AS THEY DISCUSS THEIR PLIGHT. THEY ARE BOTH SEVENTEEN. THEY ARE BOTH FRIGHTENED AS THEY BEGIN TO REALIZE THE REAL PRICE WHICH MUST BE PAID FOR ONE HUMAN BEING'S RELATIONSHIP WITH ANOTHER.

THEY ARE NOT ONLY AWARE OF EACH OTHER, BUT ALSO OF THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE FLED THEIR HOMES, AND THAT SANDRALEE DEVENS CARRIES WITHIN HER THEIR UNBORN CHILD. THE LAST REMAINING FACT LEAVES THEM COLD. THEY CAN NEVER RETURN TO WHERE THEY BEGAN.



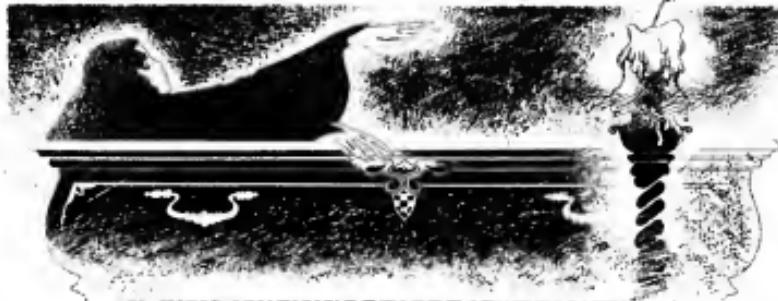
THERE IS ONE OTHER CREATURE STIRRING THIS NIGHT.



HER NAME IS CHRISTINA GREYSTONE.



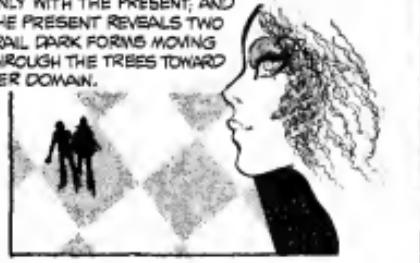
NOW SHE AWAKENS TO ANOTHER NIGHT OF SEEKING NOCTURNAL PREY.



IN THE SEDUCTIVE, IN THE FAINT MOONLIGHT, SHE APPEARS MUCH AS SHE DID WHEN LIFE PULSED THROUGH HER VEINS.



SHE MOVES TO ONE OF THE ANCIENT WINDOWS, BARLY REMEMBERING HER PAST, CONCERNED ONLY WITH THE PRESENT; AND THE PRESENT REVEALS TWO FRAIL DARK FORMS MOVING THROUGH THE TREES TOWARD HER DOMAIN.



DONALD CARPENTER IS STILL THINKING OF THAT NIGHT. IT IS STRIPPED OF ITS ROMANTICISM NOW, ALL THAT IS LEFT IS THE UNBORN REALITY. AS THEY WALK TO THE CASTLE, AS HE HEARS HIS OWN VOICE IN THE STILLNESS, EVEN AS HE MARVELS AT THE IMMENSITY OF STONE BEFORE THEM, HE FEELS A MIXTURE OF EMOTIONS: UNCERTAINTY, MOMENTS OF HOSTILITY SPRINGING FORTH FROM A SENSE OF OPPRESSION, AND A FIERCELY PROTECTIVE SENSATION TOWARD THIS GIRL-WOMAN WHO WALKS HESITANTLY BESIDE HIM.



MAN, IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT. TURRETS AND EVERYTHING. WANTA BET BORIS KARLOFF ANSWERS THE DOOR?



HELLO. MY NAME IS DONALD CARPENTER. MY CAR...UH... BROKE DOWN BACK THERE...



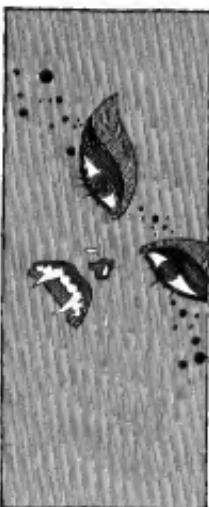
THE VAMPIRESS CAN BARELY CONTROL HERSELF. SANDY'S SLENDER WHITE THROAT HYPNOTIZES HER, TEMPTING HER TO FORGET CAUTION. YET, CAUTION DOES NOT DESERT HER, AND COMES TO HER WITH THE GUNNING OF THE ANIMAL. SHE MANAGES TO KEEP HER VOICE FROM TREMBLING.



NOW SANDRALEE DEVENS IS WALKING THROUGH THE DIMLY LIT ROOM. PERHAPS, IF HER PAST WERE NOT SO VIVIDLY WITH HER AS SHE GAZES ABOUT, SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN AWARE OF THE FORBIDDING ATMOSPHERE OF GREYSTONE CASTLE. BUT THE PAST IS WITH HER AND DULLS HER SENSES. SHE REMEMBERS HER FATHER'S FACE, HEARS AGAIN HIS WORDS OF THE EVENING BEFORE WHEN SHE AND TOMMY TOLD HER PARENTS ABOUT THE BABY...



CHRISTINA GREYSTONE FEELS THE FAMILIAR SURGING IN HER VEINS. CARTILAGE STRETCHES AND AN ODD BIOLOGICAL REACTION BEGINS.





IN MOMENTS NOW, THE FAMILIAR SENSATION WILL OCCUR. CHRISTINA'S STRONG, THIN HANDS WILL HOLD THE YOUNG GIRL HELPLESS AS HER TEETH DIP INTO THE GIRL'S NECK, SEEKING THE JUGULAR VEIN.



FEAR BECOMES CERTAINTY. DOES IT REALLY MATTER SO MUCH, SANDRA DEVENS? DOES THE FUTURE HOLD SO MUCH PROMISE?

WHY STRUGGLE? WHY STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE SO DOUBTFUL?

HOW MUCH CAN IT HURT? IT WILL BE NO MORE THAN A MOMENT OF SEARING PAIN.

WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE?



THE SCENT OF THE FEMALE VAMPIRESS IS STRONG IN HER NOSTRILS AND SNEEPS ASIDE THE SELF-PITY. YES, IT IS WORTH LIVING. THERE IS STILL PROMISE, AND SHE IS NO LONGER SURE WHETHER SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO THE DECISION OF LIFE OR DEATH NOW THAT IT IS NOT ONLY HER LIFE THAT IS THREATENED.

REMEMBER AND STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, FIGHT TO RETAIN THAT LIFE, AND GROW STRONG IN THAT FIGHT, FOR TWO LIVES, NOT ONE ARE DEPENDENT UPON THE OUTCOME.



REMEMBER THE VAMPIRE'S WEAKNESS, CROSSES! THE SYMBOL OF GOOD AS OPPOSED TO THE SYMBOL OF EVIL. BUT YOU HAVENT ANY SUCH CROSS, DO YOU? OR DO YOU?



DOES IT MATTER WHAT SIZE THE SYMBOL OR IS IT THE SYMBOL ITSELF WHICH IS IMPORTANT?

DOES IT MATTER OF WHAT THE SYMBOL IS MADE, POLISHED SILVER OR GOLD-PLATED BRONZE, OR IS IT THE FORM THAT IS IMPORTANT?



THE VAMPIRESS' SHRIEKS ECHO OFF THE DOMED CEILINGS IN REPLY, AND SANDRALEE DEVENS FORGETS ABOUT THE MIRACLE TAKING PLACE WITHIN HER AND WITNESSES A TRANSFORMATION THAT DEPIES ANYTHING IN HER EXPERIENCE.





DONALD  
CARPENTER  
WATCHES THAT  
TRANSFORMATION  
IN REVERSE.  
THE FRAGILE  
REALITY OF HIS  
MIND CAN  
BARELY ACCEPT  
THE FLUID  
CHANGE FROM  
FEMALE TO  
NOCTURNAL  
CREATURE.



VIOLENT SOUNDS ECHO OFF  
THE SILENT WALLS: THE BEATING  
WINGS AGAINST THE AIR, THE DULL  
IMPACT OF STUMBLING FLESH, THE  
HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK  
OF THE ATTACKING  
SHE-CREATURE.

THERE ISN'T TIME TO WONDER HOW  
THIS CAN BE HAPPENING. RAZOR,  
TEETH SHRED FLESH AND THE PAIN  
STIMULATES ACTION.



A HUMOROUS THOUGHT PLITS THROUGH  
HIS MIND. THE TRANSFORMATION SHOULD  
HAVE JUMPED FROM ONE FORM TO THE  
OTHER AS THEY DO IN ALL THOSE SECOND-  
RATE DRACULA FILMS.



HE LASHES OUT, STRIKING SOB-  
BING, BRIEF IMAGES OF SANDRA  
LEE SOMEHOW APPEARING IN THE  
CONFUSION.

SOMEHOW, HE MANAGES TO GRIP THE VICIOUS FORM. HIS FINGERS ARE WET WITH BLOOD, YET  
HE HOLDS ONTO THE STRUGGLING, SUDDENLY FEARFUL BEING IN HIS HANDS.



IN TERROR, HE REACHES OUT FOR ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT AID HIM IN DEFEATING THIS CREATURE.



THE WOODEN HANDLE OF THE FLAG-STAFF SLAMS SAVAGELY DOWN ONTO THE PULSING CHEST BELOW. OVER AND OVER, HE FEELS HIMSELF SLAMMING THAT POINT OF WOOD DOWN...



PERHAPS IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY INSANITY THAT HAS HELD HIM. HE STAGGERS AWAY, NOT WANTING TO WITNESS HIS OWN SAVAGERY. THE SIGHT WILL STAY WITH HIM, HE KNOWS, LURKING JUST BEHIND HIS CLOSED EYE-LIDS.



SHE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING OUT OF THE NIGHT. I SAW HER CHANGE INTO...

I SAW IT TOO. WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WHERE DO WE GO?



SCREAMING YOUR HEAD OFF BECAUSE YOU'RE MISSING...

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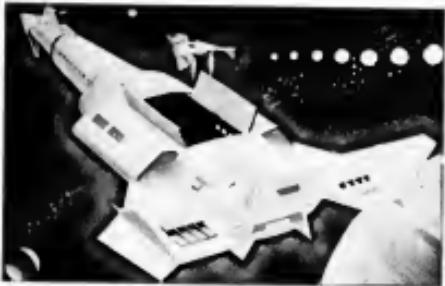
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These bright multi-colored, eye-catching Patches of UNCLE CREEPY, VAMPIRELLA and COUSIN EERIE will look spectacular anywhere! Sew them on your jacket, jeans, T-shirt, cap or anything! Each is attractively embossed in vivid, striking colors. #2811 CREEPY PATCH \$1.00, #2812 VAMPI PATCH \$1.00, or #2823 EERIE PATCH \$1.00! Buy a batch of patches today!

# SUPER ADVENTURE RECORD ALBUMS

Now you can own the most exciting full-length stories of all-time, in the form of these seven adventure-filled record albums. Each is a long-playing 33-1/3 disc, with exciting soundeffects, professional actors, and thrill-a-minute action. Based on novels by H.G. Wells and Jules Verne, these tales of high-adventure will lift you out of the ordinary and into worlds of fantastic imagination. Own the entire set; each is 45 minutes of excitement. Order today!



FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, by H.G. Wells. The first story of space travel! It's the first man ever from the earth to the moon in the late 19th century. There, they find the terrible secret. #2354/52-49



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THE INVISIBLE MAN, by H.G. Wells. An intelligent scientist makes himself invisible, and that scientist goes slowly insane. But how does an intelligent man who cannot be seen? #2359/52-49

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# SUPER-DELUXE LATEX RUBBER WHOLE HEAD MONSTER MASKS AND HANDS



**THE MAD DOCTOR!** Who would have thought he'd craft through a hundred thousand monster pix, unleashing busters like the ones that follow? Right now he's got a new order! #2530 THE DELUXE! THE MAD DOCTOR \$39.95



**THE ZOMBIE!** Ghosting around, gnawing, pinching, green skin, and corporeal perks! Like he just came out of his grave! He could be your new favorite buster of them all! #2546 DELUXE ZOMBIE MASK \$39.95



**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!** Lon Chaney's immortal makeup masterpiece increased for your classic horror freaks. Re-create the look of the man who gave you Frank! They're gruesome, bony, skeletal... #2532 PHANTOM MASK \$39.95



**MR. HYDE!** Surely the most bestial version of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal monster yet! Be anarchist James Rammeymore, Scammon, or the mad doctor from "Bloody Mystery"! #2526 DELUXE MR. HYDE MASK \$39.95



**GORILLA LOGSY!** That's what they'll say when they see you in this one! Ideal for all occasions, mainly unpleasant ones! Highly detailed, hand-painted! #2549 DELUXE GORILLA MASK \$39.95



**THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON!** One of the toughest talk heroes of the 1950's! All leather-like, hand-painted! A real stunner! #2536 DELUXE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON MASK \$39.95



**THE WEREWOLF!** Hairlessly hairy & ferociously fanged! Perfectly Fangtastic! It's a howling, hairy, and ready! Ideal & Inimitable! Perfect for Parties & Haloweenin' Masks. Can only be described as... #2544 WEREWOLF MASK \$39.95



**THE MUMMY!** Lotus head, paws shriveling, no, your friends! What that you're not? Well, you've just add a bony, lumpy, skele-spectacular dogone' would even scare the mummy away! #2541 DELUXE MUMMY MASK \$39.95



**FRANKENSTEIN!** The Monster! The Monster! King of all monsters! His bandaged head and bolts in forehead and two ghastly red scars on his clammy grey, bandaged face... #2542 DELUXE FRANKENSTEIN MASK \$39.95



**THE MUTANT!** The most recent addition to the "The Island Earth"! His huge brain throbbing, pulsating, silver-painted! The man-eating monster of the 1970's! #2548 DELUXE MUTANT MASK \$39.95



**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME!** Quasimodo, deformed bell-ringer! Creepy-crawly! Combines the best horrific aspects of the great Victor Hugo's novel! #2546 DELUXE HUNCHBACK MASK \$39.95



First "underground" hero! The last survivor of the last, fated, headed, headed! Gray & red with yellow hair & eyes! Special LOW PRICE! #2531 THE WOLF PEOPLE DELUXE MASK \$29.95

## SPECIALLY DESIGNED HANDS & FEET TO GO WITH MASKS ABOVE



#2543 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS



#2550 GORILLA HANDS



#2550 GORILLA FEET



#2533 PHANTOM & MAD DOCTOR HANDS



#2535 HUNCHBACK & MR. HYDE HANDS



#2541 MUMMY HANDS



#2553 MUTANT HANDS



#2537 CREATURE HANDS



#2539 WOLFMAN HANDS

Fish may gotta swim, but Lagoon Creatures gotta swim their way through the swampy mess of life. It's best to be one's ferocious thing with these spectacular latex rubber pairs of hands, feet, fins, claws & paws. Specially Designed & hand-painted to go with the Whole-Head Monster Masks pictured above. Some of these hands go with more than one mask. Each set is LOW-PRICED at \$19.95 a pair! Order 'em all today!

#2542 LATEX RUBBER FRANKENSTEIN HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2551 LATEX RUBBER DELUXE GORILLA FEET (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2550 LATEX RUBBER GORILLA HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2552 LATEX RUBBER PHANTOM OF OPERA, OR MAD DOCTOR HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

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#2541 LATEX RUBBER MUMMY HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2553 LATEX RUBBER MUTANT PINCER-LIKE HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2537 LATEX RUBBER LAGOON CREATURE HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2539 LATEX RUBBER WOLFMAN HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2547 LATEX RUBBER WOLF PEOPLE HANDS (PAIR NOT PICTURED) \$19.95

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## WHAT'S A MONSTER WITHOUT CLAWS?



# SENSATIONAL PIN UP POSTERS FOR SALE

If your appetite runs to GIANT SUPER PIN-UP POSTERS, then these are your Meal! For a Main Course try the Gigantic FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER POSTER at left, drawn as only the great Jack Davis can. This 6-foot beauty is yours for a mere \$1.50! And what an array of other titbits to choose from! TV PERSONALITIES! SUPER HEROES! MONSTERS! GODDESSES! All other Posters are 3-1/2 by 2-1/2 feet in size, printed on heavy quality paper and many are in Full Color.

## GIANT LIFE SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY

Jack  
Davis



# 6 FEET TALL!

A gigantic, unbreakable pin drawing of the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, OVER 6 FEET TALL, by America's greatest cartoonist, artist and caricaturist, Jack Davis. A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it. Have your picture taken, alongside your favorite ghoul, tape it to the inside of your front door, or even over, just between someone's bed sheets. Just \$1.50 plus \$1.00 on the mail. A million dollars worth of value for a few price.

6 FT FRANKENSTEIN  
Black & White

+\$2.00  
\$1.50

A FULL 6 FEET - ONLY \$1.50



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# Pirates of the Caribbean

HOBBY KITS

© Walt Disney Productions

## HORRIFIC UNDEAD SKELETONS MOVE ZAP ACTION



### FATE OF THE MUTINEERS!

— is quicksand? And a most terrifying fate it is, too! One living pirate skeleton is sinking deeper and deeper into the moist sand but mate says he's not, the free-walking skeleton is! And that's where the ZAP-ACTION horror comes in, as before your startled friends' eyes, the free one yanks his friend's hand out of blood-laden quicksand! This realistic, moving horror hit puts you right there! Order #2452 FATE OF THE MUTINEERS \$2.00

On the DEAD MAN'S RAFT, one clattering cage of calico starts the cursed raft down the River Styx to the Land of the Dead! It looks like clear sailing all the way, until from out of the coffin pops up a second skeleton, moving with ZAP-ACTION! The second skeleton SINKS! He's digger into a treasure chest and disappears from the Great Beyond to become the lead guard for blood-laden quicksand! This realistic, moving horror hit puts you right there! Order #2452 DEAD MAN'S RAFT \$3.00



CONDEMNED TO CHAINS FOREVER is the aghast crew led upon this macabre raft of bones, left behind on a small isle with but a barrel of rum and his last share of some ill-gotten treasure. An ironic punishment! And what's worse, all he has is a cutlass to fend off that hungry crew who's determined on using the pirate skeleton's last days for a tooth-pick! So he SWINGS his cutlass down alternate sides of the gutters around #2453 CONDEMNED TO CHAINS FOREVER \$2.00



"HOIST HIGH THE JOLLY MOGUE!"—shouts commanding CAPTAIN WILL ARNY himself! With one hand he holds stiff his Jolly Roger pirate emblem flag, the dread skull & crossbones, as with his other arm, he waves his dashing cutlass in a ZAP-ACTION dancing! Don't even think that mutinous & salty skeleton crew will get HS share of the treasure, 'cause they'd better hang on Captain Arny, you see, because the whole crew, plus, and cutters about his ghoulish crew! Order #2453 HOIST HIGH THE JOLLY ROGER! \$1.50



"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!"—The Great Mollo of the bloodthirsty Pirates of the Caribbean in the Salty Sixteenth Century, when the secret burial place of treasure in troves was protected by killing off but one of the men who buried it! Namely the man who did the killing of his mateys! One such horney faced harrup spends forever and a day re-enacting that evil moment in his life when he murdered his mateys, plus, cutters and the name of this great ZAP-ACTION hit! Order #2450 DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES \$1.50

## WEREWOLF NOSE!

### TURN YOURSELF INTO A WOLFMAN!

Now you can own the same unique, high quality fur substance that was used to turn Lon Chaney Jr. into his most horrific character! The Moltexen Apply to your face with outfit cam (available at most drug stores) or with Creepy Skin paste, adhesive, below. And, when the hand-painted nose is fixed onto your face, it's a Face Full of fun! Available below. You will be a complete werewolf!

There are two large adhesive tabs on the appearance, so that you need to dental design a make-up artist. And, while you're at it, order one large, one small, eyes, and a make-up artist's kit! You may be the real Werewolf... \$2666/31 39



## CREEPY SKIN

### STICKS ON THE SKIN TO MAKE LUMPS 'N' BUMPS

Here's a horrid looking gook to give your skin a new dimension! Sticks by itself is nothing else, completely realistic! Or, use it to attach other objects to your face such as the Werewolf nose. A positively gothic substance, it is... \$2666/31 39



## FACE FUR

### SELF-ADHESIVE WOLFMAN WOOL FOR HANDS OR FACE

Transform yourself from man to wolfman with this unique Face Fur, direct from the werewolf's lair! And when you will note, the horrid hair will make you the coolest 'n' creepiest skin there is! Enclosed the delightful oval of your dreams, an envelope inc. \$2667/31 39

## VAMPIRELLA

### PLASTIC HOBBY KIT

#### 16 SNAP-TOGETHER PLASTIC PARTS! MOVEABLE ARMS & LEGS!

Here she is! Bright swooping out of the night, flying directly at your neck exclusively by Warren Publishing! Surely the collector's item of the decade! Our own VAMPIRELLA, star of our own magazine, debuts of Draculon, lamp of the veins and artisan of the arteries! In a breath-supply collector's panic! Hobby hit! Her's been more, more, rare, but... And the hour is breathtaking, as vivacious VAMPIRELLA stands assembled before you on your hobby shelf! She has the special added attraction: moveable arms and legs, and a pat black bat to perch on her shoulder! She's a pert, pretty miss, and stands over 5" tall! She's definitely a unique boy, and a certain contrast to your other hobby hit, VAMPIRELLA!—Princess of Draculon VAMPIRELLA! She hobnobs with Dracula himself! VAMPIRELLA—She travels the world with Dr. van Helst, in search of her master, and all others WHO CRAVE TO DRINK HUMAN BLOOD! Yes, she's all that and MORE! She's now a super collector's item hobby hit manufactured by YOUR POPULAR DEMAND! Deal? Believe! The supply is definitely limited! Order as many VAMPIRELLA kits as you can—NOW! #2438 VAMPIRELLA KIT \$2.00



**SHE'S FANG-TASTIC!**

# BENDABLE MONSTER FIGURES

**8" TALL! ALL PLASTIC! CLOTHES MADE OF CLOTH!**

You asked for them, and here they are! A collection of all-plastic figures to bend and pose in any position. Here are the Universal Pictures' greatest monsters, from *Dracula* to *Frankenstein*; from the *Mummy* to the *Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Use them as models from which to draw your own monsterific comic strips... or use them as stop-motion models and make your own animated monster films. Or just cosa 'em and decorate your room!



## THE MUMMY

Many thousand years ago, a great Prince of Egypt was buried alive. His mission, to guard the great treasures of the kingdom. Now, from the ancient sarcophagus of aged-priest comes Raams, the killer-mummy. And he looks to destroy the expedition that has defiled his final resting place. Made in his image of Cheops. \$2450/\$2.75.

## FRANKENSTEIN

Frankenstein's monster makes a again as an exciting bond doll. Here is the monster created by Dr. Frankenstein. Built on the cold, remains of decayed human, this green-hued specimen is the perfect companion for Mummy monster handbodys. Jointed doll is in the young Boris Karloff #2494/ \$12.75.

## BRAGGIA

The sun has set, and the clouds cast its shadows over the Time it is for the weakest and known as Coast Dracula to come from the grave. Carefully - slowly - he goes about his great work, searching for victims whom to drink fresh blood. A taste however, cast on the skin of Rita Legion, #24559, in the State of Florida.

## THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

An archaeological expedition in the depths of the Amazon jungle locates one of the most amazing creatures in history! He's a legend, the scale-encrusted half-man, half-fish. He's the hero of super-human strength, from Black Lagoon! #2407/52-79

## THE WOLFMAN

## RARE! MONSTER TAPE RECORDINGS

Return with us now to the days when classic radio horror dominated the airwaves. A time of creaking doors... and unseen letters. Relive the Suspense radio program in this exciting four-hour long set of tape cassette featuring actual recordings of old radio programs. And starring in these vintage broadcasts are talents such as Orson Welles, Robert Taylor, and Vincent Price. The volume per cassette is \$10.00. A cassette bag will be with the order. An order in liquidated value may be placed on [www.vintagetapes.com](http://www.vintagetapes.com) or [www.vintagetapes.com/27422](http://www.vintagetapes.com/27422).



## THE BIRDS and THREE SKELETON QUAY



**DERCHIKL.** Stunne Gregor Wells is a true masterpiece. This is the picture presentation of an old-knew radio broad-cast. Brian Slater's original (and timeless) vampire classic **BRACULA** And starting in this hour-long tape recording is one of the grand acts of all time, the immortal Brian Slater's performance of the title role. It is the unique and bizarre **Dr. BRACULA** of the **WORLD'S** grand, And some years after this recording was made, across the daylight out of millions of Americas, and across the ocean to the far corners of the globe, came the blood-thirsty Count. His performance is amazing. Wells' understanding of the tortured and of Dracula adds a dimension to the character that has been unattained by other modern stars. Accompanying Mr. Wells is the great orchestra of the **WORLD'S** Grand Opera Theater. This was a company of virtuosos who went to work with Wells in **WAR OF THE WORLDS** and the outstanding picture **CITIZEN KANE**. As for this recording, it is the tale of Jonathan Herke who, hired by Dracula to be his personal physician, becomes his victim. There then followed, by the Count, tale one of the United States, and later, Dr. Reni Hartley, a friend of the pawn man, to track down the dread demon Dracula and destroy him. This is a many important tale, but the vampire's Hesitation to return to the world is an example—another example—accomplishes. The scene wherein Dracula summons forth them, and other children of the night, to the **WORLD'S** grand, is a scene of the most dramatic power.

## DONOVAN'S BRAIN

**DONOMI'S BRAIN.** Starring Devon Welles, reenacts the strange and classic tale of a ruthless financier who slaps his son to gain his inheritance. And when he does, he finds his son has been a breakaway who has been driving straight toward Carl Braden, that is, toward the same name. But exciting science fiction tale features Devon Welles as Davosius, with the all-star Mercury cast. And with **THE BRAIN**, this is one of the few new pictures that are sure to bring in the business.



## THE LIFEBOAT MUTINY and THE HOUSE IN CYPRESS CANYON

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine.

# MONSTERIFIC LP RECORD ALBUMS!

## 8 EVIL EDGAR ALLEN POE RECORDS IN A! SHIVERIN SERIES!

THIS IS THE GREATEST HORROR RECORD SERIES OF ALL TIME. Talented actors Martin Gerecht, Alan Undy, George S. Irving, and others narrate these 8 LPs. The project is still going on, and already there are 8 masterful records in six single albums and one double album; each read with skill, precision, and a rare sense of nerve-shattering terror. Each reading is so well done, that the horrible word pictures of Poe's diseased psyche seem to materialize before your eyes, setting castles, scurrying rat-things, the walking-dead in their pale shrouds seem to vibrate in the air as the words of the world's greatest macabre storyteller ripple the very ether!

**#1** THE BLACK CAT • THE SPHINX • IMP OF THE PERVERSE  
Read by Martin Gerecht. Tales of a black cat, a woman who is impelled by the devil to commit a murder, and a study in madness. \$4.49  
#2218 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #1

**#2** THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER  
Poe's greatest tale, read complete by Martin Gerecht. The Astor carriage story of Southern decadence & evil. \$4.49  
#2319 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #2

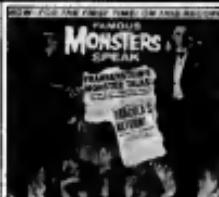
**#3** MORELLA + SHADOW A PARABLE + THE OBLONG BOX  
The pessimistic tale caught by a mother's ghost, the secret of Shadown, after the death of Morella. \$4.49  
#2320 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #3

**#4** A DESCENT INTO THE MAULSTROM  
Read by Ugo Togni with relish, you are dragged into a whirlpool with many things long-dead awaiting. \$4.49  
#2321 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #4

**#5** DOUBLE SET  
THE GOLD BUG + SELECTED POEMS  
Read by Marco Colombo, Poe's Comedian, in his own incomparable hammed delivery as always! And the poems include Spirits of the Dead & Conqueror Worm! #2322 SHORT STORIES OF POE, #5

**#6** BERRICE • SILENCE A FABLE • CASK OF AMOR TILLAOO  
A man fears his wife's teeth, a disease unfolds like a magical talisman with a terrifying history. \$4.49  
#2323 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #6

**#7** TELL-TALE HEART • MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH  
And ten others, read by Marco Gerecht. The Oval Portrait and Moltzogieren. 4 of the best! #2324 SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, #7



### FREE

FULL-COLOR PORTRAIT OF BARNABAS COLLINS  
With every order of  
FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK!!



50 minutes of sheer terror, brought to you by the editor of Famous Monsters magazine! Hear the human vampire. A collector's item! Play it as you re-read the first 100 issues of the magazine, and as you read the next 100! #2301 FREE! Get a "MELT" book of FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK \$2.98

### THE MONKEY SPAN



A classic tale of the supernatural about a magical talisman with a terrifying history. 3 amateur wretches and the story has inspired hundreds of others in the history of comic books. Now you can hear it in the original! #2302 THE MONKEY'S PAW \$4.49

### SLEEP NO MORE!



Famous ghost and horror stories read by Nelson Gerecht, famous radio terror voice! Tales By Charles Dickens & Ambridge, Ripley, "Owl Creek Bridge" & "The Man Who Would Be King", Poe's "The Body Snatchers," & O'Brien's "Which Was IT?" #2311 SLEEP NO MORE! \$4.49



When radio was king in the late 30's and early 40's, America was scared out of its wits by the "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast. This sampling of some of the best features the legendary tale of the "Chicken Heart" that devoured Earth! Plus others. Truly terrifying! #2308 DROP DEAD! \$5.98



A wild Spike Jones album featuring Dracula, Vampires and the mad doctor in his mad lab! "Spiral" and "The Thing" does your hair立ly? Mod! This is a true collector's item, and a rare and valuable find! Classic! #2300 SPIKE JONES IN STEREO \$6.25



The fantastic adventure, adapted from the original Metro Pictures classic! The most famous age of Hollywood! Listen to the great State Broadcast Of Ooms to listen to the Great State Style of 1933's radio melodrama, following the exact plot of this great monster classic! #2309 KING KONG \$5.98



Music of monsters captured on a wretched disc! Eric's Operations of Satanic sonatas & diabolical dirges. Square to the year 1938 & beyond! Listen to the most macabre moments of the working week! Created by Liapponi! #2325 PHANTOM OF THE ORGAN \$6.98



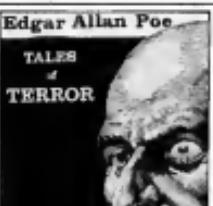
A deluxe 2-record LP of the Actual Orson Welles broadcast that sent shock-waves through America in 1938! Rare moments, re-created of panic & terror! Listen to the "War of the Worlds"! Martian Octopus Creations that Hitler was Enraged! #2313, WAR OF THE WORLDS, \$6.98



Horridly tales written by the great Ambrose Bierce! "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" and "The Mas and the Mizer" - both stories are set on the southern battlefield. Listen to the great American literary gods who topped even Poe! #2317 TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE \$2.98



Scary readings of two fantastic terror tales by Ambrose Bierce! "The Bearded Man" and "The Altar at Cather's Ranch" both stories are set on the southern battlefield. Listen to the great American literary gods who topped even Poe! #2317 TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE \$2.98



Scary readings by the master, Edgar Allan Poe. Narrated by the magnified audio voice of Nelson Gerecht. Six years! "Edgar Allan Poe" "Cask of Amontillado" "The Raven" "The Tell-Tale Heart" "The Fall of the House of Usher" "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" "The Black Cat" "The Masque of the Red Death" "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" "The Fall of the House of Usher" "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" \$5.98

# FANTASTICAL LP RECORD ALBUMS!



Remember the 1970's and HIGH CAMP or Super Heroes? Well, we've managed to get a special limited supply of this rare comedy record, a Rock-Super-Heroes Super, suited for the shocky straight-jacket and Latex jaded artist & collector of weird & wacky! #2337 COMIC BOOK HEROES \$5.95



Two 1940 radio programs. The Garter Boys, a radio comedy, and The Black Dahlia, wherein Little Annie, and Sandy, and good ol' Dahlia was out against the dealt-dealing evildoers! And she had the best of all 100% hairless, too! Believe it or #2332 LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE \$4.95



BELA LUGOSI in a SUSPENSE radio show from the 1940's, complete version. A definite must for die-hard Bela Lugosi fans! (If you're not as if it has a special spoken word, then you'll never hear your own SON OF DRACU! and personal Bela's own BELA LUGOSI JUNIOR! Come on, Bela, this! #2336 SUSPENSE, LUGOSI \$4.95



Sit back and relax to sounds of the howling, tearing chains, scraping begginers on the needles of coffins, manicured laughter, and all the other weirdly sweet sounds of a haunted house! Great fun for ghouls. #2341 SOUNDS TO MAKE YOU SHIVER! \$4.95



Put on your own shawl! Put on your blood! Wind to be a medium medium, and bones falls with a spookshow! This record by Hollywood magician and monster man, Dr. Von Munchausen shows you how to drachk out! #2338 DR. DRACULA'S HAUNTED SCIENCE \$4.95



The Celebrated Case of the Flying Machine, with the Hulks, who boasts, "They're the end of Tracy, boy! We won't beat 'em agent! Huh! Even YOU should know about that, Hulks, you scallions as hell! Actual old-time radio show. #2332 DECK TRACY \$4.95



VOLUME ONE of two. Jack Benny crawls out of his mouth to help you in your (or maybe for the first time) THE SHADOW, THE LONE RANGER, MA PERIODS, and hilarious FRED ALLEN bits. A mostly nostalgic collection! #2339 GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOL. 1 \$3.98



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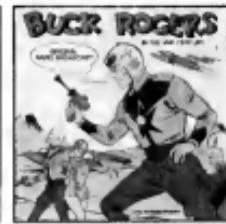
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HIDE AND SEEK IN THE  
CITY OF THE DEAD? TAG  
AMONG THE AZTEC TOMBS? OR A  
GAME FAR MORE GRAVE FOR OUR  
TWO FUGITIVES FACING A GHOSTLY  
PROCESSION OF THE...

# BLOOD BROTHERS!

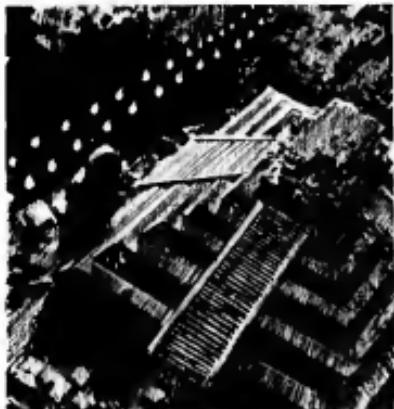
GOVERNMENT  
TROOPS? WE ARE  
DEADMEN MIGUEL!

HO YOU FOOL—  
THEY ARE ONLY  
MONKS!

WE CAN ESCAPE BEFORE  
THEY RETURN!

HMM...  
WHY DO THE HOLY  
MEN AWAKE LIKE  
HEATHEN THIEVES?

WE SHALL  
FOLLOW THEM,  
SANCHO!



MY WOMAN'S  
VILLAGE IS CLOSE--  
WE WILL BE SAFE.  
COME...

LOOK--A  
STONE PATHWAY,  
CLEARED OF  
VINES!

WHAT  
THE... TRAIL  
LEADS  
TO...

A SOLID STONE  
MOUNTAIN? DID THE  
BROTHERS VANISH  
INTO THE NIGHT  
ITSELF?

CAUTIOUSLY THE  
TWO WOULD-BE  
REVOLUTIONARIES  
FIND THEMSELVES  
IN A DARK TANGLE  
OF STRANGLING VINES.

THE ANSWER COMES, WITH THE SOFT  
SOUND OF SANDALS ON STONE,  
SICKENING SOUNDS...

MIQUEL, WHAT  
IS HAPPENING?

PLEASE  
LET US  
GO!

QUIET,  
SANCHO!

ONLY SATAN'S  
WORK IS DONE  
AT NIGHT! BUT  
WHY?

A YOUNG MONK RUNS OUT INTO THE  
CLEARING AS IF PURSUED BY DEATH  
ITSELF!

WHAT  
IN...?

DEMONS!  
YOU WILL NOT  
TAKE ME! I WILL  
KILL YOU ALL!

DIOS  
MIOS!

UNHHHH!!!

YOU WILL NOT  
BE KILLING ANYONE,  
MY FRIEND--LEAST  
OF ALL, POOR  
SANCHO!

HE IS  
DEAD!

AND MY RIBS  
BLEED! WHY DID  
YOU WAIT SO LONG  
TO STOP HIM?

I AM GOING--  
NOW! IF YOU WISH  
TO JOIN ME--  
COME!

I WILL BE  
WITH YOU IN A  
MOMENT, SANCHO--  
THIS MONK'S  
WEAPON INTERESTS  
ME!

PICKETING THE STRANGE WEAPON, MIGUEL  
FOLLOWS HIS WOUNDED LIEUTENANT TO A  
SMALL, SLEEPING VILLAGE...

SO MY HUSBAND,  
YOU AND EL LEADER  
BLEW *ANOTHER*  
REVOLUTION!

SHUT UP,  
CONSUELA!  
OUCH! EASY  
WOMAN!

YOU LAUGH,  
WOMAN--BUT SOON  
I SHALL DEFEAT OUR  
OPPRESSORS WITH  
THEIR OWN WEAPON--  
GOLD!

GOLD?!





FATHER ESTEBAN BUILT A MAD MONUMENT TO HIMSELF--  
USING MY PEOPLE'S SWEAT AND BLOOD! MANY DIED  
AS THE TEMPLE NEARED COMPLETION...

HE CREATED THE **BROTHERS OF DOOM!**  
THEY PREACHED THE OLD WORDS OF THE **MANISHED**  
ONES!



THEY WERE **EVIL** MEN... BUT  
SOON THEY **MANISHED** IN THE  
NIGHT!

THE BROTHERS **SEALED**  
THE DOORS TO THEIR TEMPLE...  
AND FROM THAT TIME ON, THEY  
SPOKE WITH NO ONE!



FATHER ESTEBAN DIED, AND HIS PEOPLE **MOURNED** HIM AS THEY  
WOULD A **GOD**...





ONCE SWARTHY SKINNED CRAFTSMEN HEWNED THE BLACK VOLCANIC GLASS FOR AN EDGE KEEN ENOUGH TO REND HUMAN FLESH! FOR THIS DIVINE BLADE, THIS KNIFE OF OBSIDIAN, FIT ONLY FOR AN OBSCENE RITE, THEY FASHIONED A HILT IN THE IMAGE OF A SQUAT, DEFORMED DEMI-GOD, WHO LAUGHS ETERNALLY. PERHAPS AT THE VERY MORTALS WHO CAST HIS UGLY LIKENESS IN PRECIOUS, MOLTEN GOLD!



CONSUELA SPEAKS, HESITATINGLY AT FIRST, REVEALING ALL SHE KNOWS OF THE BROTHERHOOD, AND SO-- THE NEXT MORNING, A "NEW" MIGUEL STANDS BEFORE THE DREADED GATES OF DOOM.

HE IS ADMITTED TO THE TEMPLE AND LED THROUGH CORRIDORS RICH WITH ANCIENT ARTIFACTS...



...DEEP WITHIN THE MOLDERING MONASTERY, WAS A MUSEUM, WHERE THE VICTORIOUS BROTHERHOOD PRESERVED ITS TROPHIES OF A VANQUISHED PAGANISM!



NEVER HAD A MAN WILLINGLY **PLEADED**  
FOR A MORE **PAINFUL** LIFE...



...NEVER HAD A MAN TOILED AS HARD  
FOR A REWARD THAT SEEMINGLY  
NEVER WOULD COME...



AT EVENING PRAYERS...



YET HIS DAYS OF FALSE  
PIETY GO UNREWARDED;  
WITH THE WAXING OF THE  
MOON, HE HEARS THE  
SOFT SHUFFLE OF  
SANDALS...



STILL, THEY DO NOT  
ENTRUST ME WITH THE  
**SECRET** OF THEIR  
MIDNIGHT **RITUALS**!  
I CAN WAIT  
NO LONGER!...



FUTILE UNTIL THE EVE OF THE MOON'S FULLNESS...



WITH DAYBREAK, MIGUEL INTENSIFIES  
HIS EFFORTS TO APPEAR A MARTYR  
TO THEIR GOD!



MY SON, YOUR  
DEVOTION HAS EARNED  
ITS **RWARD** -- TONIGHT  
ALL THE **MYSTERIES** OF  
OUR ORDER SHALL BE  
**REVEALED** TO YOU!



AT LAST!

THAT NIGHT...



SLOWLY MIGUEL SHUFFLES THROUGH THE MAZE OF CAVES -- FINALLY ENTERING THE DUSTY HALL OF ROYAL MUMMIES

KINGS WITH GOLDEN DEATH MASKS!

AND THE CLEVER INQUISITIONERS WHO TRIED TO CONDEMN ESTEBAN TO THE FLAMES. THEY DIED SLOWLY... HORRIBLY!!

AND THIS IS THE CHAMBER OF OFFERINGS!

BREAST PLATES OF GOLD, JADE, AND A THOUSAND GEMS!

WEALTH, POWER! YOU FOOLS... ENOUGH TO RULE THE WORLD!

I HAVE COME TO LEAD YOU!

POWER IS IN THE WAYS OF THE OLD ONES!

AS FOR YOU, MORTAL -- YOU ARE TO REPLACE THE BROTHER YOU CALLOUSLY KILLED...

A BROTHER DESTINED TO FEED THE GODS!

POOR MIGUEL... BEFORE WE CUT OUT TO MY NEXT PALPITATING PLOT, THE BROTHERHOOD SEEMS TO HAVE A HARDSHIP -- ANY VOLUNTEERS? REMEMBER, THE ONLY PREREQUISITE FOR THE JOB IS A LOT OF HEART!

HARRGGGG!!!

THERE BE  
GRAVE DOINGS  
ABOUT, SO LET'S  
DIG IN.

# THE ACCURSED!

I NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D ATTEMPT THIS. NOT  
ALONE, CERTAINLY, BUT  
NONE OF THE DAMNED  
TOWNSPEOPLE WILL HELP  
ME. HOPE I DON'T  
HAVE TO USE MY PISTOL.

I MUST  
DO IT. FOR...  
HIM.

HAVE TO  
DIG UP GREY  
ARKHAM'S  
GRAVE.



A MILLION CORPSE-EYES FASTEN UPON HIM. A WIND BLOWS UP, MOCKING HIM WITH MIDNIGHT CHILL. UNNUMBERED TOMBSTONES FACE HIM ACCUSINGLY. THIS IS A PLACE OF DEATH. WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO BE HERE?

PULLING THE COLLAR OF HIS COAT TIGHTER, TRASK INFILTRATES THE UNMOVING SEA OF ANCIENT DEATH, GLANCING CAUTIOUSLY ABOUT.



HE SENSES THE HORROR BEFORE SEEING IT, PASSING UNDER A GROUP OF GHOST-TREES. A SLAVERING, UNHOLY STALKER OF THE NIGHT.



ANOTHER LEGEND DISPROVED. YOU CAN SLAY A WEREWOLF WITH ORDINARY BULLETS. AT LEAST ONE IN THE IMAGE OF ITS CREATOR. WHAT OTHER DEMONS DID ARKHAM LEAVE TO GUARD HIS GRAVE?

ANCESTRAL FEARS OF THE DEAD HAUNT HIM. SHRIEKING FROM GHOUl DARKNESS IGNORED BY THE SCANT MOONLIGHT, HE GRIMLY AWAITs THE NEW TERRORS HE IS SURE WILL COME.



HE GOES DOWN, HUDDLES AGAINST A TOMBSTONE. FANGS VICIOUSLY BITE AND TEAR AT HIS COAT. CLAWS RAKE ACROSS HAIR AND UNPROTECTED SKIN, RAINING LACERATIONS AND BLOOD.



HE RIPS THE POCKET OPEN, THE LIGHTER FLARES INTO LIFE AND TRASH THRUSTS IT AT THE NEAREST VAMPIRE.



HE WRAPS COAT-TATTERS ROUND A BRANCH AND IGNITES IT. THE DEMONS BURN, AND SCREAM, AND FLY AWAY.



THE GHASTLY SCENE BRINGS HIM NEAR MADNESS. TO COUNTER IT, HIS MIND DRIFTS BACK A DAY AGO...



...SACRIFICE! FOR THE BODY OF GREY ARKHAM... WARLOCK AND MURDERER... TO BE BURIED IN THE TOWN CEMETERY BY MISGUIDED FOLLOWERS.

FATHER, I'M JUST GLAD HE IS BURIED. THAT OLD MAN HELD AN EVIL SPELL OVER THIS TOWN.

WE ALL KNOW HE HELD BLOODY UNHOLY RITUALS AT THAT OLD HOUSE. MANY PEOPLE "DISAPPEARED" BUT DID THE SHERIFF DO ANYTHING? HAHA! SCARED LIKE ALL THE REST.

AS LONG AS ARKHAM'S BODY REMAINS IN THE CEMETERY UNDISTURBED, OUR BURIAL PLACE IS **ACCURSED**. NONE WHO LAY THERE SHALL KNOW REST, AND HIS POWER MAY WELL EXTEND BEYOND THE GRAVE!

THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE WOMAN UNTIL SHE IS AMONG THEM, SPEAKING IN A VOICE HARSH AS THE BITING AUTUMN WIND.



YOU KNOW WHY.

HE STUMBLIES IN DEATH-DARKNESS, TRYING  
TO RECALL THE DIRECTION OF HIS GOAL.  
STOPPING TO WIPE BLOOD FROM HIS  
EYES, HE SPIES IT AT LAST.



...SORCERER...  
RITUALIST... SACRIFICAL  
MURDERER... DYING  
FROM SOMETHING AS  
MORTAL AS A HEART  
ATTACK.

GOD GIVE  
ME THE STRENGTH  
TO DIG HIM UP.

FEROCIOUSLY, WITHOUT CEASING, HE DIGS!  
HOURS FLOOD BY, UNTIL HE STOPS  
TEN FEET DEEP.



NO, NOT  
WHEN I'M THIS  
CLOSE.

ANOTHER JOINS THE FIRST. LOW THROATED  
SNARLING ACCOMPANIES THEIR LEAP.



FLAMING RED EYES MEET TRASK'S AS HE  
GLANCES UP. THE RAT IS LARGE AND CAKED  
WITH FILTH.

HE EMPTIES THE REVOLVER, USING THE SHOVEL AS A SHIELD FOR FACE AND THROAT, FOR WHICH THE PACK REPEATEDLY SPRINGS.

THE DIGGING INSTRUMENT BECOMES A SCYTHE, A PENDULUM OF HURTLING BLOODY DEATH. SECTIONS OF GRAVE-WALL CRUMBLE UNDER THE FEROCIOUS ONSLAUGHT.



THE FOUL RODENTS ARE EVERYWHERE, TRASK PLUNGES THE TOOL DOWNWARDS... SMASHES THROUGH THE COFFIN LID OF BLACK LOCUST WOOD.

...AND THE RATS FLEE!



THE CORPSE LEERS UP AT HIM. ONLY A FEW DAYS SINCE, ITS OWN GODLESS EVIL HAS REDUCED IT TO A DECAYED, SICKENING HEAP, OozING MAGGOTS AND WORMS AND STENCH.



HE IS REVULSED, CLOSE TO VOMITING, BLEEDING HEAVILY, STUNNED FROM SHOCK. YET HE STRUGGLES, PULLS THE VILE CADAVER FROM OUT THE GRAVE.



THE POWER OF THE BEYOND. THE DAMNED, IT WORKS AGAIN NOW, MALIGNANTLY, UNSEEN...



ARKHAM UPRIGHTS HIMSELF ON BONY PUTRESCENT LEGS... MOVES TOWARD HIS PAIN-AGONISED VICTIM. INSANE SKELETAL LAUGHTER RISES FROM NOWHERE.



BLOOD FROM HIS CHEST SOAKS HIS SHIRT, RUNS DOWN HIS CLOTHES... HE IS HALF-DEAD, BUT HE RISES AND STRIKES. WEAKENED, ROTTEN BONE AND CARTILAGE PARTS UNDER HIS VIOLENT, DESPERATE BLOWS...



...UNTIL THE CORE OF EVIL, ARKHAM'S UNDYING BRAIN, IS MASHED TO PULP.'



MINUTES ONLY REMAIN TO HIM. DEATH TEARS AND PULLS WITH MERCILESS FINGERS AT HIS WEARY, MUTILATED BODY, BUT FIERCE DETERMINATION MAKES HIM CLAW THE GROUND AND CRAWL. CRAWL UNTIL HIS GOAL IS ATTAINED.



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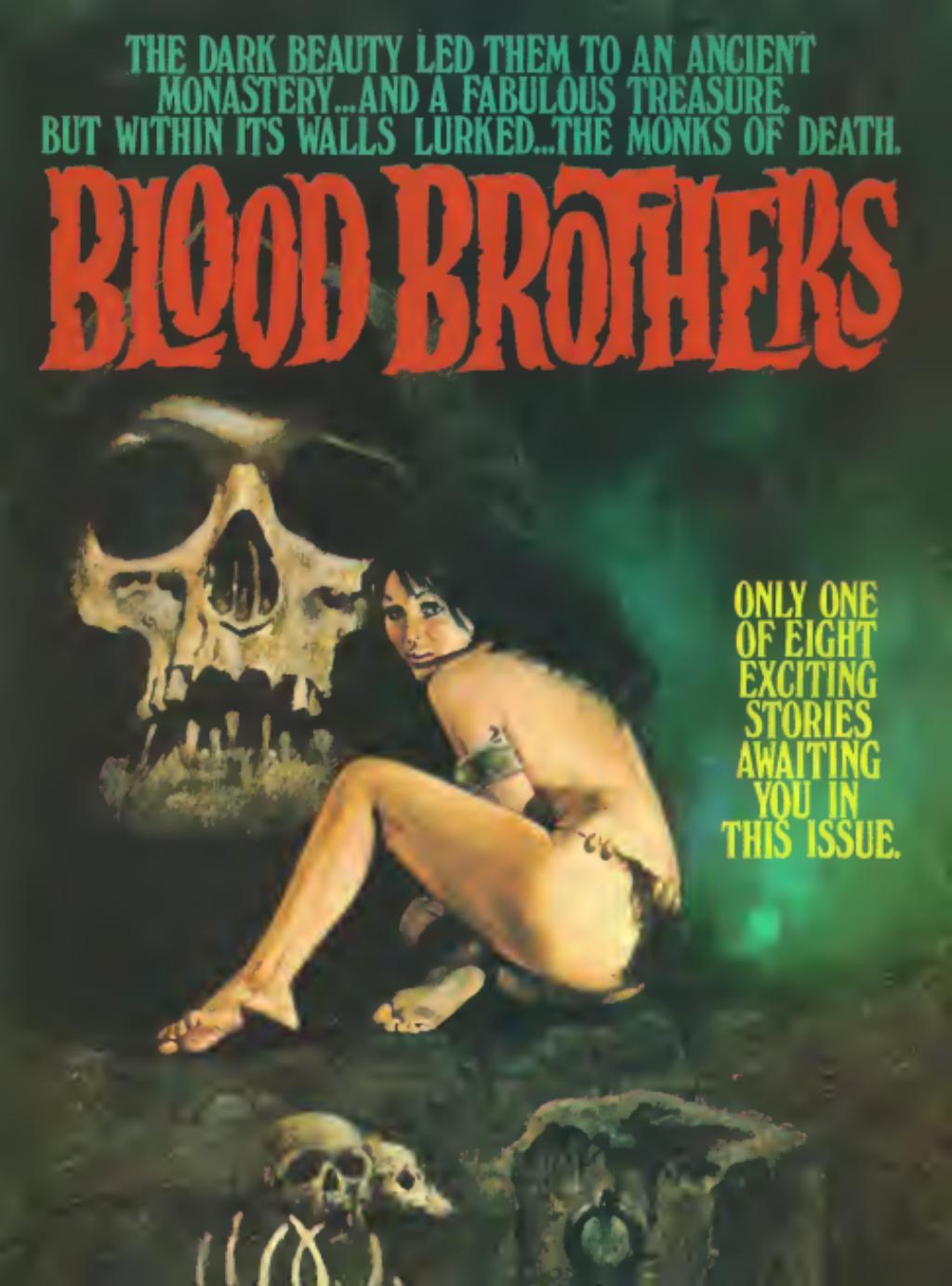


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THE DARK BEAUTY LED THEM TO AN ANCIENT  
MONASTERY...AND A FABULOUS TREASURE.  
BUT WITHIN ITS WALLS LURKED...THE MONKS OF DEATH.

# BLOOD BROTHERS

A woman with dark hair and a tattoo on her right shoulder is sitting on a large, weathered skull. She is wearing a dark, low-cut top and dark shorts. The background is dark and smoky, with a bright green glow on the right side. Other smaller skulls are visible at the bottom of the frame.

ONLY ONE  
OF EIGHT  
EXCITING  
STORIES  
AWAITING  
YOU IN  
THIS ISSUE.